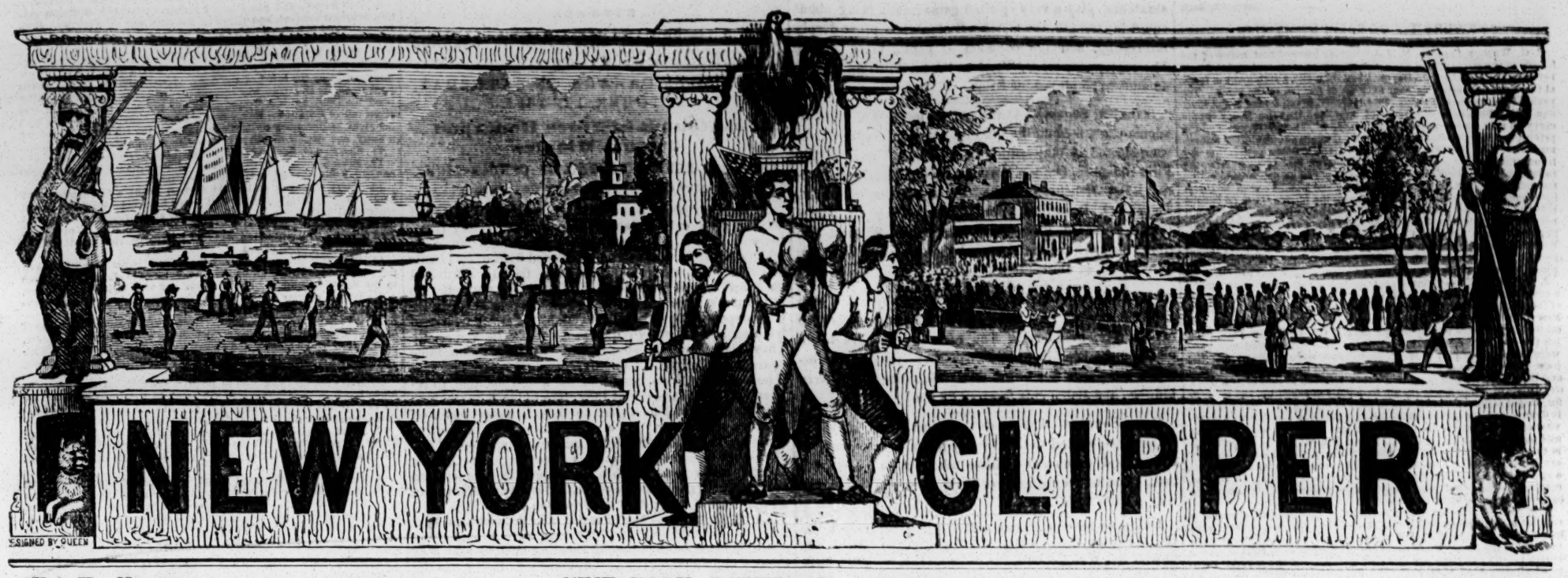
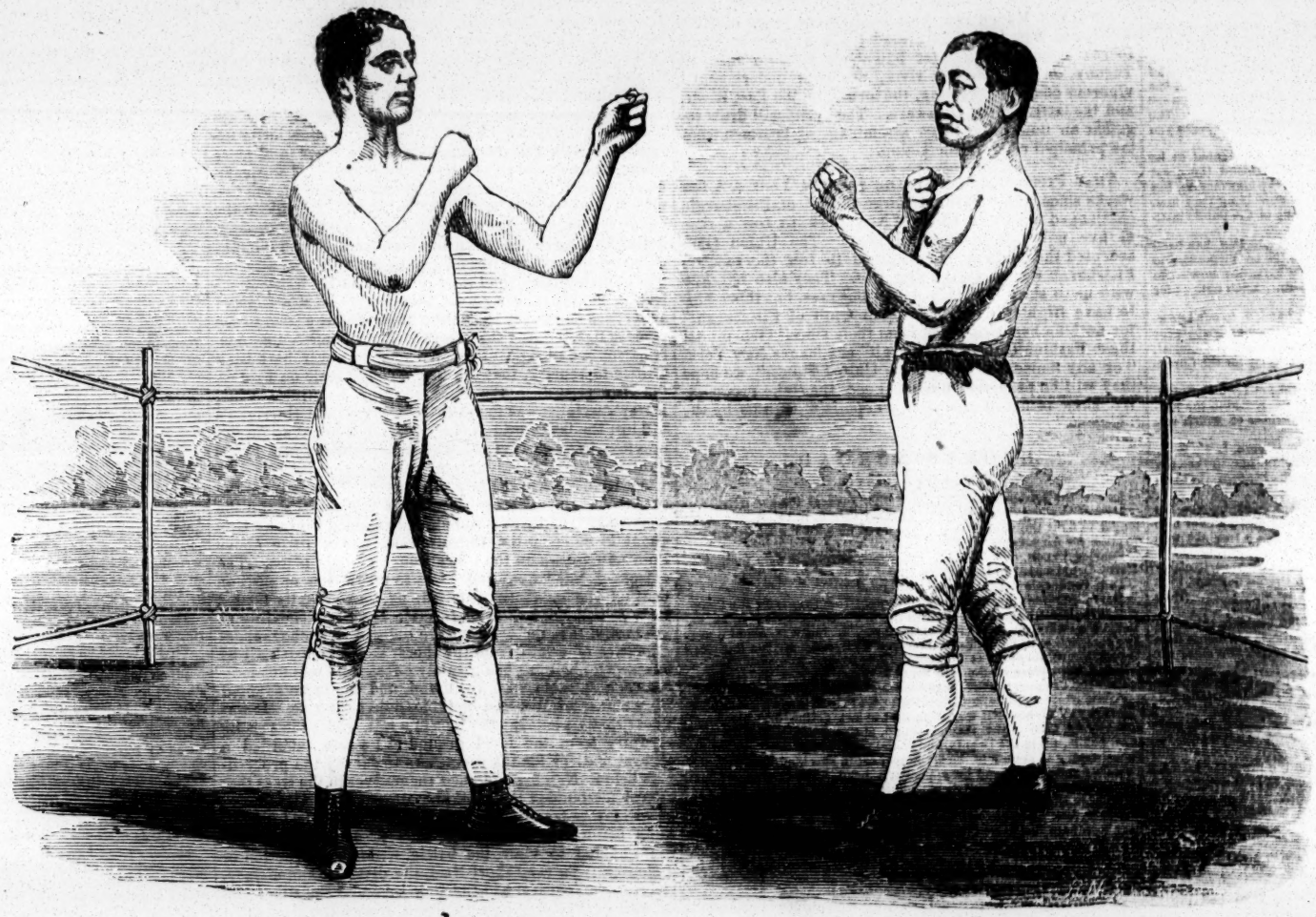


NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 26. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857. Four Cents.



HARRY LAZARUS. DENNIS HORRIGAN.

HORRIGAN AND LAZARUS AS THEY APPEARED IN THEIR BATTLE IN CANADA, ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

For full particulars of the fight, see inside.

FRUITS—THEIR INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

By an arrangment of Providence, as beautiful as it is benign, the fruits of the Earth are ripening during the whole Summer season. From the delightful strawberry on the opening of Spring, to the luscious peach of the Fall, there is a constant succession of delightful aliments; made delightful by that Power whose kindness in all His works, in order to stimulate us to their highest cultivation, connecting with their use, also, the most health-giving influences, and, with the rich profuseness of a well attended fruitery, it is one of the most unaccountable things in nature that so little attention is paid, comparatively speaking, to this branch of farming.

It is a beautiful fact that, while the warmth and exposure of the Sun tend to billiousness and fevers, the free use of fruits and berries counteract their tendency. Artificial acids are found to promote the seperation of the bile from blood with great mildness and certainty. This led to the supposition that the natural acids, as contained in fruits and berries might be as available, and being more palatable, would necessarily be preferred. Experiments has verified the theory; within a late period medical writers have suggested the use of fresh, ripe, perfect raw fruits, as a reliable remedy in the diarrhœa as of Summer.

How strongly the appetite yearns for a pickle, when nothing else can be relished, is in the experience of most of us. It is in the instinct of nature pointing to a cure. The want of a natural appetite is the result of the bile not being separated from the blood; and if not remedied, fever is inevitable, from the slightest grades to that of billious, congestive and yellow. "Fruits are cooling," is a by-word, the truth of which has forced itself on the commonest observers. But why they are so, they had not the time, opportunity or inclination to inquire into. The reason is, the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver into great activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work; the result of which is, the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are opened. Under such circumstances, fever and want of appetite are impossible.

HOW TO USE FRUIT.

To derive, from the employment of fruits and berries, all that healthful and nutritive effect which belongs to their nature, we should—

1st. Use fruit that are ripe, fresh, perfect, raw.

2d. They should be used in their natural state, without sugar, cream, milk, or any other item of food or drink.

3d. Fruits have their best effect when used in the early part of the day; hence we do not advise their employment at a later hour than the middle of the afternoon; not that, if perfect and ripe, they may not be eaten largely by themselves, within two hours of bed-time, with advantage; but if the sourness or decay should happen to taint them, or any other liquor should inadvertently be largely drank afterwards, even cold water, acidity of the whole mass may follow, resulting in a night of distress. So it is better not to run the risk.

To derive a more decided medical effect, fruits should be largely eaten soon after rising, in the morning, and about midway, between breakfast and dinner.

An incalculable amount of sickness and suffering would be prevented every year, if the whole class of desserts were swept from our table during Summer, and fresh, ripe, perfect fruits and berries were substituted; while the amount of money that would be saved thereby, at the New York prices of fruits, would, in some families, amount to many dollars, enough to educate an orphan child, or support a colporteur a whole year, in some regions of our country.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE WOLF CHASE.

The following story was told in Sandusky, Ohio, and appears in the Massillon "News:"

A party of young men in that ancient city amuse their leisure moments at the hotel in drawing a long bow, or telling wonderful yarns for the benefit of those, apparently verdant, who may happen to come in from other parts. They tried the effect of a few extraordinary wolf stories upon a venerable and sedate customer not long since who had come to spend the night at the best hotel, and he listened to them with much surprise and interest until their stock appeared to have run out and the conversation flagged, when he remarked that he had been much interested in the news they had given him, relative to the primeval inhabitants of that country; but regarded an event in his early life as more peculiar than any they had named. Said he:

"When a young man, I was traveling in Western New York, and late of a sormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there, would murder me.

"I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming and scrambled up the chimney.

"Thinking I was safe when at the top I stepped over the roof, and, jumping down at the back of the cabin, jumped plump into a wolf trap. A scream of pain brought the men and boys out, and they declared I deserved a more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in a trap and suspense until morning, and then, heading me up in a hogshead, with no air or light but through the bung hole, they put me on a sled and drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve. This I undoubtedly should have done but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelled me out and gathered around my prison, when one of them, in turning around, happened to thurst his tail into the bung hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold and held on like death to a negro, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill, followed by the hogshead and me. It was a very uneasy ride, over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was until the hogshead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel, were broken in, and I jumped out and found myself away down in the lower end of Cataraugus County, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster. Good night, gentlemen—I did not express any doubt of the truth of your stories, and I hope you will not of mine."

It is currently reported that the "sell club" of Sandusky has not had a full meeting since that occurred.

IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE, BUT NO FIGHT.

The Marion (Ala.) Commonwealth relates the following story: "For some time back the negroes of this place had a religious revival going on in the Methodist church, and which we learn has resulted in some good. The other night a ludicrous incident took place, which, for the time, threatened to mar the enjoyment of the darkies. While everything seemed to be going on to the entire satisfaction to the leaders of the meeting, a tall, black-looking son of Africa deliberately rose in the congregation, and commenced pulling his coat off, as if preparing either to to thrash some other darkey, or give the devil, if he were present, the best fight he could, preparatory to closing the meeting. All eyes were turned upon the comical attitude of the darky, and some of the more timid began to fear that a melee was about to take place in the church. This, however, was not the case, for our African convert, perceiving the stir that was being made and the apparent agitation of the whole assembly, hallood out at the top of his voice: 'Bredering and sisters, don't be frightened; I'se only gwine to prepare to shout!' and he gave one of those unearthly yells which vibrated through the church, and shook the windows as if the house were falling. The darkey had to make tracks, or, to use the language of another darkey, was tumbled head foremost right out of doors by some of the brethren."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I was once captain of a packet schooner plying between Boston and Baltimore, and was blessed with a first mate of the "rale old Yankee kind." Going up the Chesapeake one dark and stormy night, the wind blowing a steady gale, my mate became a little nervous, and not being acquainted with the ground, supposed the old girl was going it a few knots too strong. Tramp—tramp—tramp on deck. It was my mate. "Captain, hadn't we better shorten sail? It's blowing like thunder!" "No—keep her going." A few minutes after, tramp—tramp—tramp on deck. "Captain," said my mate again, "it freshens, and already blows big guns. *Hadn't* we better shorten sail?" "Not a shorten," I replied, confident in my craft and knowledge of my whereabouts; "not a shorten; keep her to it." "Well," said the mate, closing the door of the companion way with a slam, "so be it; Let her rip!—We're all bound to go to h—ll before morning, and I've got as many friends there as you have." I took a glass of grog, and concluded to lower the foresail, take a reef in the mainsail, and ask the mate if he had a desire to become acquainted with one Bourbon, whose surname is Whiskey.

DIPPING INTO THE GRAVY.

We were not long since amused by a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board the steamer ——, at the little town of Mount Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the elder one with her usual independance, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef stake before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table—"*Sal, dip into the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!*"

THE BETTING MULE.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that he gave the mule a blow over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn animal over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib a dollar to get corn, and I take a quarter out."

A Motherly Chicken.—On the Webster farm in Franklin, N. H., now owned by Rufus L. Tay, Esq., a hen died recently, leaving a numerous breed of chickens but a few hours from the shell. The cries of the little brood, in consequence of the loss of their protector, aroused the *sympathies* of another chicken some four months old, which adopted the orphan brood, and for a fortnight past has faithfully performed all the functions of a maternal hen towards them. The manner in which the little foster mother imitates the matronly strut and cluck of her elders is quite amusing. Such an instance of precocity is, so far as we know, without a precedent.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. WILKINS, Camden, N. J.—"Having learned that many of the friends of the yacht Decoy have lost money on the *contemplated* race between her and the Kate Hayes, I beg to make a statement of facts, at the same time soliciting your decision or opinion of the same. The yachts Kate Hayes and Decoy were matched to sail a race to Pot buoy and back; the articles of agreement stipulated that the Decoy should carry 13 men, under any circumstances, whilst the Hayes had the privilege of carrying any number of men thought advisable. A sailing-master for each boat was also named in the articles, preventing me from sailing or even *going in my own boat*, the Decoy. Now, the sailing-master of the Kate Hayes did not put in an appearance on the morning of the race, and the *forfeit money was handed over to the Decoy*. Consequently, there was no race between the boats. How do outside bets go? Are they not off? I would not have troubled you was it not that money bet on the race has been handed over to parties betting on the Kate Hayes. Please give your opinion on the subject." Where it was stipulated in outside betting that money so bet should go with the main stakes, then those betting on the Hayes lose; but, where no such stipulation was agreed upon, outside bets are off.

J. J. S., Philad'a.—"Please post us on a question in dispute among a number of persons here, and by so doing decide a bet. The origin of the dispute is this: At the Firemen's Parade in this city, one of the New York bands was engaged, but on getting into line, and seeing that colored bands were to play in the parade, the said New York band left the line, and refused to play in the parade if colored musicians were permitted to play. The colored bands were retained and the New Yorkers did not play. The event caused considerable talk here, and it is stated by one party to the bet referred to that in New York city bands of white musicians are frequently engaged by, and perform for, target companies composed entirely of black men. This assertion is denied, and the question is left for your decision, together with an invitation to participate in the 'supper and fixins,' of which the time and place will be duly sent you, as soon as arranged." White bands in this city frequently play for black military companies, or, as they are called here, target shooters. We have oftentimes witnessed such a spectacle, and the display of white musicians playing for colored companies creates but little if any remark now-a-days, for the people have become quite accustomed to it.

J. B. NEWTON, St. Paul.—The speculation thus far has apparently resulted in great losses to Mr. Ten Broeck, and others interested with him in the enterprise, for Mr. T. B. is not alone, as you doubtless have been led to imagine. Up to the time of writing this, neither of the horses taken to England has obtained first place in the several races in which they have been engaged. We still hold to the opinion we expressed when the details of the run for the "Goodwood" reached us, that had Prioress been judiciously ridden, and the most made of the advantage which, at one point of the race she possessed, she would have won the Cup. That the Americans lost that race was the fault of the jockey, not of our horses. We have forwarded you a file from the date mentioned.

CONSTANT READER, Wilmington, Del.—"I made a bet a year ago, that Mr. Mann would be elected District Attorney of Philadelphia over Mr. Cassiday. The latter was returned as having been elected, but, as Mr. Mann alleged by fraud, his right to the office was contested, and the court decided that Mr. Mann was duly elected. Mr. Cassiday has vacated the office, and Mr. Mann now fills it. Will you please state in your next who wins, the betters on Mann or Cassiday." The Court having decided that Mr. Mann was duly elected, of course you win. Its a clear case.

JOHN DIAMOND.—A few weeks since a correspondent wanted to be informed of the present whereabouts of John Diamond, the great dancer. At that time we were unable to furnish the information, but a friend has since informed us that Diamond is now lying very low, said to be in the last stages of consumption, in one of the public institutions of Philadelphia.

FRIEND.—We have understood that the party in question has been endeavoring to misrepresent matters; but we have no disposition to injure him by exposing his shortcomings. He is harmless now. He has had a lesson which it is hoped may profit him. Much obliged for calling our attention to the subject.

C. S. SMITH, Baltimore.—1. They are not left-handed, to our knowledge. 2. The time noted has not been beaten in England—whatever changes have taken place since the publication of our last Pictorial, will be duly corrected in the time-table in our Pictorial for the Christmas holidays, which is now being prepared.

HARVEY JONES, Portland.—The challenge has not yet been accepted. Mr. Decker, we have been informed, was to have pulled in the Empire City Regatta, on Tuesday of this week, particulars of which will be given in our next.

J. C. C.—Lantern defeated Prince on the Union Course, L. I., Sept. 18, 1856, in a match said to be for $10,000, two mile heats, to skeleton wagons. Prince won the first heat in 5:17¼, and Lantern the two succeeding in 5:22½, 5:28.

W. CURTIS, Boston.—Blink Bonny has won prizes since she won the Derby and Oaks, accounts of which you will find by looking over files of the CLIPPER. In this issue, you will find a notice of a race she won at Doncaster.

X. X.—Vertigo, probably, to which fast trotters are particularly subject. We have seen them, when trotting, suddenly come to a stand-still, reel, and sometimes drop down, and lie motionless. They recover in a short time, however.

D. WHITEHOUSE, Boston.—The bills of most of the banks in this State are worth their face, even should suspension of specie payments take place. The bills are secured by pledge of public stocks and other securities.

A. A., Jersey City.—We do not believe the match was for the amount named, but rather for a sort of feeler. Pigeon shooters, we presume, understood the affair.

R. P. AND S. G., Charleston.—1. The former wins—Lady Suffolk and Rifle, in double harness, trotted two miles in 5:19. 2. Lady Suffolk's best time in trotting a mile is 2:26.

WESTERN, St. Louis.—We received $50 a side in the proposed match between Davis and Brown, but have heard nothing more of the match. We still hold the money.

STURGEON NOSE, Troy.—1. In the race alluded to, Grindell was the winner, beating Stetson with apparent ease. 2. Grindell and the Lynn Buck never ran together.

J. T. K.—From all the information we have been able to glean on the subject, the Vanderbilt's best passage is not quite equal to the best made by the Persia.

S. P. C., Beaver Co., Pa.—Messrs. Ingersoll & Son have had great experience in such matters, and would doubtless do you justice. Address them at 250 South street, New York.

HARD ONE, Manchester.—1. Fourteen pounds to the stone, for jockeys, pugilists, &c. 2. In the weight of the articles named, eight pounds to the stone are allowed.

ARAB.—Have not had time to look it over. If interesting to the general reader, it will appear soon.

CHARLES REILLY, Spencer, Mass.—The last remittance entitles you to twelve months longer, the time for the last not having yet expired.

A. B. C., Baltimore.—Fistiana, price $1.00, contains a treatise on the subject.

READER, Elmira.—It was Harry's second appearance in the P. R. See our account of the fight.

BOSTON, Philad'a.—Mr. L. Beirel was, a week or two since, residing in this city, and we presume he is here at the present time.

A BRICK, Chicago.—Mr. Ten Broeck was the owner of Lexington at one time, but he is not now.

TWO PLAYERS, Tamaqua, Pa.—*All Fours*.—The ten spot, being the lowest trump out, counts before ace, and the holder of it is out.

S. S., Buffalo.—The statement in our last is correct—Hart lost his first battle with Monaghan, but won the second.

LEXINGTON, Philad'a.—Mr. Lester, as he is called, is a son of Mr. J. W. Wallack, Sr.

SUBSCRIBER, Lockport.—The first No. of the CLIPPER was issued April 30, 1853.

EXCELSIOR, Albany.—Enclose a 3 cent stamp, and we will forward the Rules. Leg guards, $3. Gloves, $2,50.

YALE.—Will endeavor to post you next week.

WM. R——.—He lost by giving a foul blow.

T. B.—Miss Ellsworthy and Mr. Anderson performed at Wallack's.

S. A. J.—You must have resided in the State one year.

R. G.—It would be interesting to know the lady's name.

B.—Tacony's 2:26½ was made at Philadelphia.

☞ We have on hand a large number of questions, to answer which in this week's CLIPPER accurately, would require more research than we have time to devote thereto; but in our next we hope to give answers to all. Our correspondents will accept this as our apology for a seeming neglect.

THE PUGS OF LONDON.—In another part of this issue will be found an account of a disturbance at Doncaster, in which Blink Bonny and her rider came near being roughly handled. Through the interposition of Tom Sayers, however, the jockey was saved from bodily harm. Serious disturbances were at one time threatened, but Sayers, Ward, Dick Cain and other pugilists brought order out of disorder, and thus prevented what might have been a serious matter. Will those who call our pugilistic friends "brutes" please make a note of this?

THAT PISTOL SHOOTING MATCH, in St. Louis, between Captain Paul and John Travis, seems to have been a mere flash in the pan. After the extensive fuss made about the match, we certainly looked for something out of the common order of shooting, but the result shows that the "extraordinary part of the business" remains in *statu quo*. During the shooting, nobody was killed, nobody hurt. When shall we have a renewal of hostilities between the parties?

HORRIGAN AND LAZARUS' fight is fully reported in another part of this issue. We sent a reporter to Canada expressly to take a report of the engagement.

MATCH AT BILLIARDS.—We understand that a match game of Billiards is to be played on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14th, at D. Belden's Billiard Saloon, No. 161 Bowery, between two young players, who, though but amateurs, play a very spirited game; and, being about equal in strength, the match will doubtless prove deeply interesting, and the occasion of considerable betting. The contestants are G. Wood and John Williams, and the amount to be played for $100.

SCOTTISH SPORTS.—At the annual meeting of the Caledonia Club, held on the 7th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Chief, Wm. G. Smith; First Chieftain, Gordon Forrest; Second Chieftain, Monro Ross; Henchman, John Paterson; Clansmen—1st, Thomas G. Bruce; 2d, Wm. Edward Coale: 3d, James Banks; Standard Bearer, Alexander W. Wilson. The Club voted to have their annual shinty match on Friday, October 30, at Dorchester.

MATCH RACE.—Mr. Ten Broeck's colt Babylon has been matched against Saunterer, an English racer, for 200 sov's a side, half forfeit. The race was to have taken place on the 12th inst., at Newmarket—the distance being a few yards short of a mile. Saunterer is to carry 126 lbs., and Babylon is to carry 98 lbs.

PAID FORFEIT.—The match against time, in which Prince was backed to trot twenty miles in one hour, to wagon, and which was to have taken place on the 8th inst., came to an untimely end, the backer of old father time paying forfeit.

DEATH OF AN OLD RACER.—The celebrated race horse Baillie Peyton, died on the 26th Sept., on the farm of his owner, Mr. Wm. C. Scott, in Powhaten Co., Virginia, aged 23 years.

THE BIG FIGHT.—See the report of the big battle between Ben Caunt and Nat Langham, the result of which was announced in last week's CLIPPER.

SCULLERS MATCH FOR $1000.—Thomas Daw, of New York, and Wm. Glenn, of Philadelphia, who are matched to row a scullers match for $1000, on the 28th inst., at Tacony, on the Delaware river, are both undergoing a vigorous course of training, the former on the East River, and the latter on the Delaware. The event will draw together an unusually large assemblage of boatmen from the principal cities in the Union.

THAT PITTSBURGH CHALLENGE TO NEW YORK.—A few weeks since, the "Fashion Barge Club," of Pittsburgh, challenged the Union Club, of New York, to row a race of five miles, in four oared boats. The Union Club accepted the challenge, and agreed to row the race on Pittsburgh waters, on the 31st inst. They also left $25 with us to show that they meant business, but this seems to have frightened the "Fashion Club of Pittsburgh," for nothing has been heard from them since. When next the "Fashion Club of Pittsburgh" challenges New York, "or any four-oared boat in the United States," we hope they will be prepared to make good the stake proposed. We have returned the money deposited with us by the "Unions."

SPORTS ABROAD.

ITEMS PUGILISTIC.

BY the last European arrival, we gather several items of interest.

Johnny Walker offers to take another turn in the P. R., and challenges to fight the winner in the proposed match between Travis and Brettle, for £200 a side.

Charley Lynch, of New York, has signed articles to fight Finnighty.

Harry Orme seems to have taken Lynch in hand.

Tom Paddock's benefit was well attended.

Harry Broome's novice, matched to fight Tom Sayers for the Championship, has thrown off his *incognito*, and stands revealed as Bill Benjamin, who has never fought in the P. R., but was about a year ago matched with Bandoff and received £5 forfeit. He is a fine fresh young fellow, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 161 lbs.

A fight took place on the 14th Sept., seven miles from Wolverhampton, on the Bridgnorth road, between Isaiah Edmonds of Cradley Heath and Daw of Wolverhampton, for £5 a side, at catch weight. Edmonds had it nearly all his own way from first to last, getting first blood and knock-down blow in the second round, stopping and hitting his man at all points, till in the twenty-ninth and last round Daw fell on his knees, trying to get a foul blow; Edmonds, in checking his blow, fell forwards and just shaved his opponent's head. The referee, without any appeal being made, gave in against Edmonds, but the next day he allowed each to draw his own money. The fight lasted 40 minutes.

A fight took place on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at Eight-mile Tree, near Reedham, between Robert Slack and John Batson (Mace's Novice.) for £5 a side. Slack broke his arm in the second round; he, however, continued the contest for seven rounds more, after which he was obliged to give in fighting. Nine rounds, 17 min. The winner was seconded by Jem Mace and George Smith.

Another fight took place in the same ring between Harry Stamp and Charles Turner, for £5 a side, when, after a merry mill of 47 minutes, Stamp was proclaimed the victor.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The swimming match for the Championship, between Beckwith and Weston, took place on the 23d ult., and was won by Beckwith. Particulars next week.

The scullers race between Chambers and Ralph, for £200, was decided in favor of the former, on the 21st September.

A pair-oared race came off on the 22d Sept., between the brothers Pocock, and the brothers White, for £30 a side. It was a splendid contest, and resulted in favor of the Whites.

Cannon and Rice's sculling match, which was fixed for the 24th, was won by Cannon.

In a foot race for a champion belt, distance 150 yds, Geo. Darley won.

Full reports of these interesting events will be given in next week's CLIPPER.

JIG DANCERS ON DECK.—Brooklyn, Oct. 9, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN: A letter appeared in your issue of the 10th inst., that is worthy of note. An aspiring youth, the writer, (Billy Hedden.) has the impudence to challenge Mr. Joe Brown to dance him a match dance. Now he need not go so far away from home, nor buck against any of these big men, for he is well enough acquainted in Brooklyn to know that he can be accommodated, for I am sure Mr. Brown would not waste time with him. It seems to trouble Mr Hedden very much that Mr. Brown claims the Champion-hip; let that be as it may, one thing is certain, there are but two dancers in the country who can compete with him, viz: Mickey Warren and Dick Sliter, and I can assure you that dancers in New York feel very indignant at Mr. Hedden for having so much presumption, and, if necessary, will sign the acceptances of all his challenges. Now, if Billy Hedden really means business, let him send you a deposit, and I will vouch that it will immediately be covered. Respectfully yours, C. HENRY, Jig Dancer, Brooklyn.

[A friend of Hedden's states that he will take the above offer. Let Mr. Henry send a deposit, and a match can be made at once.—ED. CLIP].

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.—LANCET MAKES 2:25 ON A HALF MILE TRACK.—Hartford, Conn., Oct. 12.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* An interesting trial of speed took place on Saturday last between the "little bay mare," and the "black gelding," for a purse of $1000,—mile heats, best 3 in 5. From the start, Lancet appeared to be the favorite, large odds being offered on him, in one instance as high as 100 to 40 was offered and taken. A great deal of money was also staked that they would not make less time than 2:30; but, as will be seen, these gentry were greatly mistaken in their calculations. At 15 minutes to 3 the cry was made, "bring on your horses," and soon after Flora and Lancet appeared. Lancet, who won the pole, was driven by S. McLaughlin, and Flora by J. D. McMann.

FIRST HEAT.—They started off well together, but Flora took the pole the first quarter when she made a bad break, and Lancet had it all his own way for the half mile; on the second half Flora made a desperate struggle but could not close the gap, and Lancet won. Time, 2:36½. (Flora lost a shoe the first quarter, which was probably the cause of her losing the heat.)

SECOND HEAT.—Flora's shoe having been put on, her friends expected she would make up in this heat what she lost in the last. They got off beautifully, and it was neck and neck until near the second quarter, when Miss Flora stole ahead, and keeping the lead won the heat. Time, 2:29.

THIRD HEAT.—They made one false start, and then went off well together, and kept so until near the second quarter, when Flora went up, and Lancet passed her and made the half mile in 1:12; he kept the lead the whole of the second half, and won the heat in the extraordinary time of 2:25.

FOURTH AND LAST.—The backers of Lancet were in great glee and any odds were offered on him but no takers. The short turns were too much for Flora, and she broke badly. Lancet won the heat in 2:28.

Lancet's 2:25 is fully entitled to be called "some," especially as it was on a half mile track, when an allowance of at least two seconds should be made for the turns. The race was strongly contested by both drivers, and all appeared satisfied except the losers.

SUMMARY.

J. D. McMann's b. m. Flora Temple, to harness	2	1	2	2
S. McLaughlin's bl. g. Lancet, to saddle	1	2	1	1

Yours truly, TRIANGLE

OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE

Game and Manly Contest

BETWEEN

DENNIS HORRIGAN AND HARRY LAZARUS,

For $1,000.

FOUGHT IN CANADA ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

128 Rounds in Three Hours and Twenty Minutes.

THE LAST ROUNDS FOUGHT BY CANDLE LIGHT.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.]

In the CLIPPER of June 20th last, we gave a detailed account of a most gallant contest between Harry Lazarus and Dennis Horrigan, and which terminated in the victory of the former, after a protracted fight of two hours and fifty eight minutes. Horrigan's friends attributed his defeat on this occasion to the fact of his not being up to the mark in point of condition; he having held his untried opponent too cheaply, to adopt the strict course of training so absolutely requisite to attain such a result. They were however so satisfied with his indomitable courage and gameness, and impressed with a belief, that if he was in first-rate condition he would be able to retrieve his lost laurels, that they were induced to make a fresh match for $500 a side, to fight Lazarus again on the 10th of October. Both men at once went into active training, Harry Lazarus being under the experienced eye of George Leese, and taking his breathings at Craig's, about 7 miles from Buffalo, subsequently removing to Whittemore's, about 4 miles from the city, whilst Horrigan placed himself under the direction of Adams, the well known pedestrian, at Burt Scott's, about five miles from Buffalo. Considerable sums of money were bet upon the result, and the interest among sporting men increased as the day appointed for the fight approached. Harry was the favorite in the betting, 5 and 6 to 4 being freely offered on him, odds which the partisans of Horrigan eagerly snapped at. We have already given in detail the previous performances of Horrigan, and it will suffice at present to say, that he had already appeared in the roped arena in England on five occasions, winning three times, one ending in a draw, and in one being beaten. His first fight in America was with Harry Lazarus, when, as we have already stated, he was beaten by his previously untried, but gallant little opponent.

Last Saturday, the 10th of October, was the day appointed to decide the eventful question of superiority between the two aspiring pugilists, and a finer and more beautiful day could not have been chosen. The steamboat "Arrow," was chartered by the backers of the two men to convey them and their numerous friends to the selected spot, a charge of two dollars each being made to defray expenses. By fixing this high tariff, it was thought it would prevent the attendance of many whose absence was more desirable than their presence, but it failed in effecting the object designed. Another steamer alongside advertised to convey the public at one dollar a head to the place of fighting, and this was accordingly more numerously patronised than the other. We must, however, hark back a little to remark, that the men went to scale on Friday, the day preceding the fight, at Izzy Lazarus's, when Harry's weight was found to be 110 lbs. and Horrigan's 112 lbs; the latter being nearly 3 lbs. heavier than on the previous passage at arms, whilst Harry was about 1½ lbs lighter.

At 10 o'clock precisely the "Arrow" started on the excursion, and after proceeding a few miles down the *Niagara* River, turned round, and steamed up Lake Erie about 18 miles on the Canada side, and a little above Point Abino, where the last encounter took place. The object of this "doubling" was to throw the opposition boat off the scent, but it failed, as they actually landed their passengers on the shore first; the water shoaling so gradually, that the vessels were obliged to anchor about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and disembark all by boats. The landing being safely effected, it was not long before a suitable spot was found, and one more adapted for the purpose it would be impossible to choose. It was a cool shady glade, at the foot of a hill, whose sides rising abruptly from the level ground at its base, afforded a natural gallery for the spectators to survey the proceedings below. Numbers perched themselves in the trees that almost surrounded the spot, and although the attendance of spectators far exceeded that when the two last fought, there being nearly 2,000 persons present, yet all were thus enabled to view the battle, without obstruction or difficulty. In a very short time, the veteran Commissary, George Humphreys, had the stakes set and the ring formed, and exactly at ¼ past 2 o'clock Harry Lazarus shied his castor into the ring, attended by his seconds. A long delay now took place in selecting a referee, the gentleman who officiated on the last occasion refusing to act, and the only person for whom both parties were unanimous also declaring his unwillingness to accept the post. At length this matter, which the parties ought properly to have decided upon before starting, was settled by the appointment of Mr. Robert Rowe, who agreed to act, and another half-hour's delay occurred before Horrigan made his appearance, throwing his cap into the ring at twenty minutes past 3 o'clock. Harry was seconded on this occasion, by Johnny Mackie, and George Leese, who trained him, and the splendid condition in which he appeared on stripping reflected the highest commendation on his well-known skill and judgment as trainer. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, and every muscle was beautifully developed on his spare but elegant form. Horrigan was seconded by Tom Davis, the quondam second of Harry Lazarus in the last fight, but in consequence of a misunderstanding, of a pecuniary nature, with Harry's paternal relative, Izzy, he had changed sides and now gave the benefit of his advice and experience as second to his opponent. His other second was a well-known and highly-respected sporting gentleman in Buffalo, who had backed Horrigan on this occasion. Denny on stripping appeared in the finest possible condition, quite different to his appearance on the last contest. He was a trifle heavier on this occasion, and altogether his condition entitled his trainer, Adams, to the highest praise.

At half-past three o'clock time was called, and the two combatants toed the scratch, and after shaking hands took up their positions, and then commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the two pugilists faced each other, the contrast in their appearance was most striking. Harry stands nearly two inches taller than his adversary, is more slightly built, but his well knit and sinewy form betokens extraordinary activity and endurance; whilst his clear complexion and skin, of almost feminine whiteness, contrasted strongly with the swarthy countenance and more powerfully built frame of Horrigan. The attitudes of both were good, Harry's being the more elegant of the two, while that of Horrigan was well adapted for the defensive. After eyeing each other a few moments, Harry took the initiative by sending in his right, getting home on Horrigan's cheek; Horrigan tried his left, but was short, Harry stepping quickly back, and putting in one on the ribs. Horrigan tried again with his left, but was neatly stopped, and Denny got down.

2. Harry again led off with his right, getting home on the ribs, and receiving a slight one in return on the nob. Some counter hitting ensued, and Horrigan again got down.

3. Harry sent in his right a rattler on the kissing trap, and followed it up immediately with one on the cheek, but was rather short to do mischief. Horrigan tried his left but was neatly stopped. In the close Horrigan was thrown heavily.

4. Some fine sparring was now exhibited. Horrigan tried his left, but Harry avoided it by stepping quickly back. Lazarus tried his right on his favorite mark, the phiz, but was well stopped. In the close Horrigan went down.

5. Harry went quickly to work again, and sent home a stinger on the left ogle, which made an impression on Horrigan's peeper. Horrigan was again short, and Harry in a rattling one, two, knocked Horrigan off his legs. *First knock down for Harry.*

6. Harry got home a heavy right-hander on the ribs, and, stepping back, got out of reach of a nasty left handed hit from Horrigan. Harry bored in, and got one home on the nut, which sent Horrigan to his knees. *First blood* was claimed for Harry, as the ruby was slightly distilling from Denny's mouth, but this was denied by his, Denny's friends.

7. Horrigan stopped a facer from Harry beautifully, and got home heavily on the ribs, he avoided the return, but Harry would not be denied, and again sent in his right on Horrigan's potato trap, knocking Horrigan off his legs.

8. Denny led off with his left, and put in a cracker on the ribs. He neatly stopped Harry, and in the close threw him, but not heavily.

9. Both feinted, and some heavy hitting exchanged, Horrigan getting home on the ribs, and Harry on the conk and right peeper. Horrigan finished this round by a stinger on the left ear, and having decidedly the best of this round.

10. Harry approached the scratch smiling, and some heavy exchanges followed in Harry's favor. This was a merry round, give and take being the order of the day. Harry's activity served him in good stead, as Horrigan was short in almost every instance. Harry tried his right but was well stopped, and Horrigan in his return was again out of distance. Harry now got home heavily on the ribs with his right, and as quick as lightning, again on the left eye, but catching a nasty one on the mouth in return. In the end Horrigan got down.

11. Sparring for breath and Horrigan again down.

12. More feinting. Harry getting within distance, put one home on the left cheek, sending Horrigan to grass.

13. Harry was again on the old spot on Denny's frontispiece, and neatly stopping a right-hander that would have done mischief if it had reached its destination, he tried his right again, reaching Horrigan's mouth, but not heavily, and receiving one on the ribs in exchange. Two hundred to one hundred was now offered on Harry, odds which were taken to a small extent.

14. Both men answered quickly the call of "time," and Horrigan put in his favorite body hit on the ribs, but was too far out of distance to do much execution. Harry again got in a right-handed facer. A clinch and regular fibbing match now ensued, Lazarus having the best of it and Horrigan went down.

15. On coming up this round Horrigan's left eye showed marks of heavy punishment, whilst the right bore signs of repeated visitation, but he came up as gamely and cheerfully as ever. Harry again revisited the old spot on the ogle, and after some harmless sparring Horrigan got down.

16. Harry led off and got on to Denny's smeller, but too slightly to inflict much damage. Horrigan retreated to the ropes, followed by Harry. Denny fell, but jumping up renewed the fight, and more exchanges resulted, Horrigan at last getting down.

17. Horrigan led off with his left on the ribs, but was too short, and Harry in return sent out his right, but was beautifully stopped. Horrigan again got on his opponent's ribs and in the close both went down.

18. This was a rattling good round, some heavy exchanges taking place, Harry catching it on the ribs and mouth and Horrigan on the right peeper and smeller. Harry bored in and sent in a one, two, sharply on the ribs and kissing trap, and Horrigan got down smiling.

19 to 21. These rounds were precisely similar in their character to the last, give and take being the rule, and Horrigan going down at the close of each round.

22. Harry came up smiling and pointing to the mark, invited Horrigan to come up. Horrigan led off, but was again short, and Davis his second shouted to him to stand up to his man and use both hands, as hitherto he appeared only to hit with his left. Harry got in a rattler on the smeller, turning on the claret, and Horrigan was sent to grass.

23. On toeing the mark, Horrigan showed signs of the last few rounds on his phiz, which was swollen and disfigured, but with no abatement of his gameness and pluck. He led off with his left, but was well stopped, but put in a rattler on Harry's ribs. Harry in return sent in his right and left heavily on Denny's mug, and knocked him off his legs.

24. Horrigan got home slightly on the ribs, being rather short, but he put his left in quickly and caught Harry a terrific blow on the cheek, cutting the cuticle and turning on the tap freely from that spot as well as the mouth; Horrigan got down, but this round was decidedly in his favor.

25. Horrigan came up smiling, and both sparring for wind. Harry let go his right but was well stopped, and Horrigan got home heavily on the potato trap, and avoided the return by dropping.

26 to 30. These rounds were similar in character, Harry getting home heavily on his opponent's mouth and peepers, whilst Horrigan repeatedly visited his favorite spot on the ribs, getting down at the close of each round.

31. This was a capital round, and some first class boxing was exhibited, Horrigan stopping the mischievous facers that Harry sent in with lightning rapidity, in a style that called forth repeated plaudits. His returns were, however, short and out of distance, owing to the quickness and agility of Harry in getting away. Harry at last put in a one two on the mouth and right peeper, and sent Horrigan to grass. Three to one was offered on Harry, who appeared as fresh as at the commencement, a result due in a great degree to the admirable care and attention of Mackey and Leese, his seconds.

32. Harry sparring for time, and stopping neatly some of Horrigan's nasty left handers. Horrigan got home slightly on the ribs, but napped it heavily on the mouth and left ogle, which sent him down, Harry falling over him.

33. Horrigan feinted and let go his right on the ribs, but was too short for mischief. He got in heavily on the mouth, drawing Harry's claret rather freely, and then got down.

34 to 46. In these rounds some heavy counter-hitting took place, principally in Harry's favor, Horrigan being generally out of distance, though occasionally getting home heavily on the ribs and right ear, whilst Harry was nearly always on the mark, and the phiz of his opponent bore witness of the severity of his visitations. The superior wrestling abilities of Lazarus were clearly evident as in almost every case where they clinched, Horrigan was thrown, and the noble and forbearing conduct of Harry in refusing to take advantage of opportunities of punishing his adversary deserve especial remark.

47. Both answered the call of time promptly, and some good sparring was shown. In the close Horrigan was thrown.

48. Harry led off and got in smartly on the ribs, but Horrigan sent in a heavy one two on the breadbasket and got down.

49. In coming up Horrigan let go his left, but was beautifully stopped by Harry, who put in a tremendous hit on the nut and got away. He repeated it right and left on the same spot, and Horrigan was sent down.

50. Both came up smiling to the scratch. Horrigan retreated, followed by Harry, when Denny went down. An appeal was immediately made to the referee that Horrigan had fallen without a blow, but he ordered them to fight on, as he believed it to be the result of accident.

51. Horrigan again got down without a blow being struck; a second appeal was made to that effect to the referee, but he ordered them "*to fight on.*"

52. Horrigan let go his left on the ribs, but was short; he, however, got in a spanker on Harry's cheek, and avoiding the return got down.

53 to 60. Some rattling exchanges on each side, and difficult to say which had the advantage. It was regular ding dong work, but Horrigan was invariably down at the close.

61. Some good sparring; Horrigan tried his right but was short, and Harry, jumping in, sent his right heavily home on the knowledge box, and knocked Denny off his legs.

62. Horrigan short, and Lazarus on the old spot, following it up, and Horrigan again down.

63 to 65. Some good counter hitting, Denny stopping some mischievous ones in admirable style. At the close he was thrown heavily.

66. The care and attention of Horrigan's seconds were now evidently visible in the alacrity and cheerfulness in which he came to the scratch, notwithstanding the heavy punishment he had received. He came up and made play, getting heavily on to Harry's bread-basket and right jug, but napping in return two tremendous blows on the peepers, right and left, sending him to grass.

67. Harry seemed to have gained renewed vigor during the last few rounds. He led off at once and put in a one, two, on the kissing trap and right peeper, avoiding the return by jumping away. He again got in heavily on the nut, and Denny was floored.

68 to 80. These rounds were mainly in favor of Harry, Horrigan invariably going down. The severe punishment he received seemed not to have the slightest effect on him, as he always came prompt as ever.

81. Horrigan led off and got home heavily on the ribs; Harry returned, but was short. A rally and close, in which Horrigan got the bank and threw Harry heavily.

82. Harry's face was slightly disfigured, one eye being in mourning, and his mouth swollen; whilst the heavy body blows he had received did not appear to have made much impression. Horrigan's peepers were both in mourning, one of them being cut, and the practised skill of his able second, Davis, was devoted to the prevention of their closing. A few good exchanges in this round, and Harry knocked Horrigan off his legs in clever style.

83. Harry got in heavily on the cheek and, following Horrigan to his corner, bored in and repeated it, sending him over the ropes and falling himself over him.

84 to 87. Very similar in their features. Some good exchanges, and Horrigan invariably going down.

88. No harm done on either side.

89 to 91. The fight had now lasted nearly two hours and a half, and neither combatant showed much signs of exhaustion. Some good exchanges took place, but decidedly in Harry's favor.

92. A capital round; heavy hitting on both sides; Harry managed to get in his right heavily on the left eye, and Horrigan got down.

93. Both came up smiling, and Harry lost no time in letting out his right on Denny's conk, and in return caught it heavily on the cheek, causing the claret to flow. Harry closed and tried to throw Horrigan, but failed. He then fibbed him heavily with his left, and, changing his hold, repeated the same game with his right hand.

94. Harry led off, but was well stopped by Horrigan, who got home a stinger on the nob, but received a left hander in return. Denny again down.

95. Harry again made play, losing no time in getting to work. He got in with his right a tremendous facer, and repeating it quickly sent Horrigan to grass.

96. Horrigan's optics looking cloudy, but he answered the call as gamely as ever. Heavy counter hitting, and Denny down.

97. Harry followed Horrigan to his corner, and after some slight exchanges Horrigan got down.

98 to 107. Harry still kept his advantage, and after a few exchanges, neither doing much execution, Horrigan almost invariably went down.

108. The fight had now lasted nearly three hours, and darkness was rapidly closing in. Neither party showed any signs of defeat, for although Horrigan was evidently the weaker of the two, and his eyes gradually closing from the severity of the blows received, yet he was as cheerful and prompt in coming to time as at the commencement. Harry led off by a heavy left handed hit on the kissing trap, and, avoiding Horrigan's return, got home again on the ribs, knocking Denny to earth.

109, 110, 111, 112. Counter hitting, and Denny in the close invariably thrown.

113. The repeated falls Horrigan had sustained had evidently weakened him. He, however, led off, but was beautifully stopped, and Harry let go his left with great force on the left peeper, and following it up with his right sent Denny down.

114. Harry led off and got a rattler home on the jowl, but received a heavy left-hander on the ribs. In the close Horrigan was thrown heavily.

115 to 120. Harry lost no time in getting to work, and was almost

always on the cheek and smeller, whilst Horrigan was too short to do much mischief with his body hits, Harry's activity enabling him to avoid much punishment.

121 to 126. It was now too dark to see clearly, and these rounds were a succession of exchanges, and ended in Horrigan being always thrown. His sight was evidently failing him, but his pluck was extraordinary, and he went up to be as regularly thrown, with great readiness. The referee entered into the ring, and advised the fight to be drawn, as it was now too dark to distinguish with clearness the two combatants. Both parties, however, thinking a few more rounds would be decisive, were willing to continue, and *candles were accordingly lighted*, and the fight continued.

127. Harry came up, and followed Denny to his corner, getting home on the right ogle, and receiving a heavy body blow in return. In the close, Horrigan was thrown heavily.

128 and last. Both men answered the call promptly, Horrigan leading off, but was well stopped, and Harry got home his right on the nut. In the close Horrigan was thrown.

It was now evident that it was impossible to finish the battle, as both seemed capable of fighting some time longer, and the referee's recommendation was adopted, and the battle was drawn.

REMARKS.

This was one of the best and most severely contested fights that ever took place on this continent. It is true that the combatants both belonged to the class denominated feather weights, yet greater courage or more scientific knowledge of the "manly art" was never exhibited in any battle between the light, middle, or heavy weights. In passing our candid and impartial judgment on the comparative merits and abilities of Harry Lazarus and Dennis Horrigan, we must endorse the opinion that we expressed after their previous passage at arms. We consider Horrigan to be a pugilist possessing a fair average amount of scientific knowledge, indomitable courage, and gameness, and a capacity for receiving unflinchingly an extraordinary amount of punishment. In this latter quality he is a "perfect glutton," and to it he is indebted for being able to prolong the fight until "night's sable curtain" enshrouded himself and opponent, and put a stop to the battle. His judgement of distance is defective, as a large proportion of his blows were short, and he appears to be able to hit heavily only with his right. The manner in which he stopped many of the dangerous facers that Harry put in with such rapidity, excited general admiration among both friends and opponents. Harry Lazarus, we regard as a young man destined, should he pursue the pugilistic art, to arrive at the very highest point of fistic celebrity. He possesses scientific abilities of the highest order, is a rapid and heavy hitter, a most excellent wrestler, and his activity and quickness upon his legs are really extraordinary. The swiftness with which he put in his blows and got away before his opponent could deliver his return, created a universal feeling of admiration amongst all, while the noble and manly conduct he displayed in forbearing to take advantage of his opponent on many occasions when the opportunity of inflicting severe punishment was afforded him, justly entitle him to the highest praise that we can bestow. As to the ultimate result of the fight, provided darkness had not intervened, it may be sufficient for us to express our opinion, that we think that Lazarus would have been hailed the victor. Horrigan's peepers were gradually closing, and though his gameness and pluck were as conspicuous as ever, yet the repeated visitations that Harry's mawleys made upon the damaged optics, must assuredly have told had the fight been protracted much longer. The battle lasted 3 hours and 20 minutes, and 128 rounds were fought.

We would strongly advise Horrigan to avoid the practise of getting down so frequently, and adopt the judicious advice of his able second, Tom Davis, to *stand up to his man*. This practice nearly lost him the fight, as in the 51st round we were decidedly of opinion that he went down without a blow, although the referee was of opinion that it was purely accidental. The practice of dropping may be justified when a marked disparity exists between two men in weight and height, but when, as in this case, there is an almost perfect equality in these two points, we think the practice is to be reprobated.

The manner in which the seconds of the respective parties fulfilled their arduous and important duties deserves especial remark. Lazarus was fortunate in having the services of two such experienced and able seconds as John Mackey and George Leese; whilst there is no doubt that to the careful handling of Tom Davis and his worthy colleague, Horrigan was indebted for his ability to come to time and protract to such a length, the well contested fight.

Immediately it was over, there was a general rush to the boats to get on board the steamers, and although it was perfectly dark, yet we are glad to say that no casualty occurred to mar the pleasure of the day's proceedings.

According to the rules of the ring, the Referee named Tuesday, the 13th inst., for the renewal of the fight, and in next weeks' CLIPPER we hope to be able to give the result of the battle between those two gallant fellows, should it be resumed.

GRIBBIN AND COBURN.—These men are training in the vicinity of this city, and are getting along finely. Gribbin has closed his place of business in Brooklyn until after the fight, as he cannot properly attend to his training, and superintend the home department also. The battle promises to be a sharp one.

ENOCH DAVIS AND JAS. BROWN.—Several weeks ago we received a deposit of $50 a side, for a proposed match between these men, but since then we have heard nothing from them. If they do not intend to go on, let them advise us at once, and the money will be returned to each immediately.

CHALLENGE.—John Dawson will fight Thomas Kelly a fair ring fight, catch weight, for $50 a side, at any time he chooses to name from the first deposit. A communication addressed to 44 West street, N. Y., will meet with immediate attention.

TO MESSRS. PRICE AND FORD.—In the late fight between Young Aaron and Monaghan, in Rhode Island, a number of New Yorkers were present, and among them Messrs. Jas. Regan, Henry Van Winkle, Charles Ross, and Henry Gould. While in Boston, those men received every attention and kindness at the hands of Messrs. Barney Ford, and Ed. Price, for which they desire to thus publicly express their obligations. We are pleased to note these little courtesies between our friends.

SPARRING.

COBURN'S EXHIBITION, at Kerrigan's, on the 8th inst., was not very largely attended, on account, we presume, of the prices being doubled. Neither were there many boxers present to assist, but the wind-up between Joe Coburn and Phil. Clare was worth a journey to see. Both men delineated the art in an admirable and manly manner for nearly half an hour, the audience watching the movements of the contestants with the deepest interest. A wind-up like this is seldom seen at an exhibition, and the manner in which it was received only goes to show that no matter how inferior the previous sets-to may have been, a well contested finish makes ample amends. Let us have more such displays as Clare and Coburn made.

SPARRING IN WATERBURY.—At Hotchkiss Hall, in Waterbury, Conn., on the 8th inst., an exhibition of boxing was given by Daniel E. Connor, better known as the New York Chicken. Two novices opened the ball, and their antics created roars of laughter. They made room for the Chicken and Young Dublin, of Boston, who made a light but clever display. They were followed by Young Ford and Tom Connor, who were succeeded by Caroders, of Yorkshire, and Young Morgan, of Waterbury, and the display of these two was well received. The Bristol Pet and Mickey Bloomfield next tried themselves, followed by Hayes, of London, and Joseph Robinson—a lively bout, and received much applause. Other sets-to followed, and then the wind-up between the Chicken and Tom Seymour, of Birmingham, took place. It was a showy affair, and Seymour, being the heaviest, had the best of it. The exhibition was a success. The Chicken is on a sparring tour through the Eastern States.

BOXING IN CINCINNATI.—A correspondent in Cincinnati wishes us to say that if some accomplished teacher of sparring would visit Cincinnati, he might find it much to his interest, there being no good teacher there at present. Cincinnati has a population of over 200,000, and many residents there admire the manly art, and would like to take lessons.

BASE-BALL.—We regret exceedingly our inability, through want of space, to insert this week the particulars of a match played between the Excelsior and Clinton clubs at Hoboken, on Saturday, 10th inst., as well as a number of other matches. In the meantime we give the result merely. Excelsior 21 runs. Clinton 15 runs, in favor of Excelsior 6 runs. Full particulars next week of all games played.

QUOIT MATCH.—Quoiting seems to be growing in favor in this vicinity. Several interesting matches have recently taken place, which have opened the way for others of an exciting character. On Tuesday next, 20th inst., a match for a Silver Cup is to come off at the house of Joseph Conselyee, Jr., at Bushwick x Roads, corner of Bushwick and Flushing Avenues. We understand that ten capital pitchers have entered to compete for the prize.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

THIS gathering at the temple of Caissa is now in the full tide of a most gratifying prosperity. There are but two or three wanting whom we could at all reasonably have expected, and one of those (Mr. Hammond, of Boston) has shown his interest by being present and participating in quite a large amount of side play.

Hon. A. B. MEEK, of Mobile, Ala., is President of the Congress, and Daniel W. Fiske, of New York, Secretary. The lots for the first series of encounters confronted the contending champions thus:

1..FREDERIC PERRIN, of New York, *vs.* Mr. H. KNOTT, of Brooklyn.
2..H KENNICOTT, of Chicago, Ill, *vs.* B. I. RAPHAEL, M. D, of New York.
3..Hon. A. B. MEEK, of Mobile, Ala., *vs.* W. J. A. FULLER, of New York.
4..W. S. ALLISON, of Hastings, Mid., *vs.* H. P. MONTGOMERY, of Philad'a.
5..D. W. FISKE, of New York, *vs.* NAPOLEON MARACHE, of New York.
6..PAUL MORPHY, of New Orleans, *vs* JAMES THOMPSON, of New York.
7..LUIS PAULSEN, of Dubuque, Iowa, *vs.* S. R. CALTHROP, of Bridgeport, Ct.
8..THEO. LICHTENHEIN, of New York, *vs* CHAS. H. STANLEY, of New York.

The progress thus far made, is as follows:

1..Drawn, one; Mr. Perrin, 1; Mr. Knott, 1.
2..Drawn, one; Mr. Kennicott, 2; Dr. Raphael, 3, and the match.
3..Drawn, one; Judge Meek, 2; Mr. Fuller, 2.
4..Drawn, none; Mr. Allison, 1; Mr. Montgomery, 3, and the match.
5..Drawn, none; Mr. Fiske, 2; Mr. Marache, none.
6..Drawn, none; Mr. Thompson, none; Mr. Morphy, 3, and the match.
7..Drawn, none; Mr. Calthrop, none; Mr. Paulsen, 3, and the match.
8..Drawn, none; Mr. Lichtenhein, 1; Mr. Stanley, 2.

The above results have so far forwarded matters that the drawing for the second round of contests has been made, with the following result:

1..Paulsen *vs.* Montgomery. | 3..Raphael *vs.* Victor in No. 5.
2..Morphy *vs.* Victor in No. 3. | 4..Victor in No. 8 *vs.* do. in No. 1.

☞ We shall keep our readers posted up in all that is actually accomplished from week to week, leaving a general report of the Congress till it is through. We shall then digest from all our materials and observations a history of the whole affair worthy of preservation for future reference and authority. There are multitudes of motions, plans, schemes, projects, and suggestions of no possible interest and less value, and we shall not cumber our columns with them,—preferring to let the final action of the "National Chess Association" first sift them.

BLINDFOLD GAMES.—During the last week Mr. Paulsen has performed the astonishing feat of playing four games at once against as many strong players, himself seeing neither men nor board. His antagonists were Messrs. Morphy (who also played his game blindfold), Schultz, Fuller, and Julien. On the first evening he resigned to Mr. Morphy, and beat Mr. Schultz. Thus closing off two of the four games. Hours, 4¼ to 12 P. M. On resuming the adjourned games, he won of Mr. Fuller, and drew with Mr. Julien, in about two hours more. Emboldened by such success he proposes the absolutely unheard-of feat of five simultaneous games. He learned the moves at 5, played blindfold at 13, and is now 24 years of age.

THE MINOR TOURNAMENT.—This is now organized with sixteen players, who stand paired for their first round thus:

1..Mr. Dunning *vs.* Mr. Feldner. | 5..Dr. Stone *vs.* Lieut. Seebach.
2..Mr. Frere *vs.* Mr. Julien. | 6..Mr. Anderson *vs.* Mr. Higgins.
3..Mr. Dodge *vs.* Miller. | 7..Mr. Solomons *vs.* Mr. Tobias.
4..Mr. Mantin *vs.* Mr. Mohle. | 8..Mr. Horner *vs.* Mr. Carples.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ S. S. N. wishes to know of those gentlemen who have solved Problem No. 78 how they will proceed if, in reply to R to K 7th, he play for Black, P to K B 4th.

LOPEZ, Brooklyn.—"De Prefontaine" wishes us to say to you that business will require his absence from Philadelphia for some months the coming season, and thus deprive him of the pleasure of replying to your courteous note with a challenge—at least for the present.

U & I, Chicago, Ill.—Ha, ha, ha! pretty much so. Glad to hear from you once more. Your club must now be large and powerful; something for us, now and then?

E. J. W., Boston.—Many, many thanks indeed, both for what you have done "previously before," and what you promise to do previously afterwards. Though not one of our oldest, you contrive to make yourself one of our most valuable correspondents.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—E. J. W. solves the first stipulation of your double-barrelled Enigma thus:—1..Kt to Q B 6; 2..K to Q B 4; 3..B to Q 3; 4..P to B 4th, mate, Black having little, or less, to say about it—how's that?

CAMBRIDGE, Boston, Mass.—Our numerous engagements already on hand peremptorily forbid our going in. Thanks for your kind wish. N. B.. Be sure to direct our letters "CLIPPER OFFICE, 30 Ann street, New York," that they may reach us without extra expense or delay.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR, Norfolk, Va.—Yes, we think and feel so too, in the light of such a comparison. Wish you were, with all our heart.

UN PION, Philad'a.—We were so informed. Happy to hear from you, but sorry to hear the bad news. "Learn to labor and to wait."

C. B., Philad'a.—Forward us your address and we will send you a specimen of the work you desire.

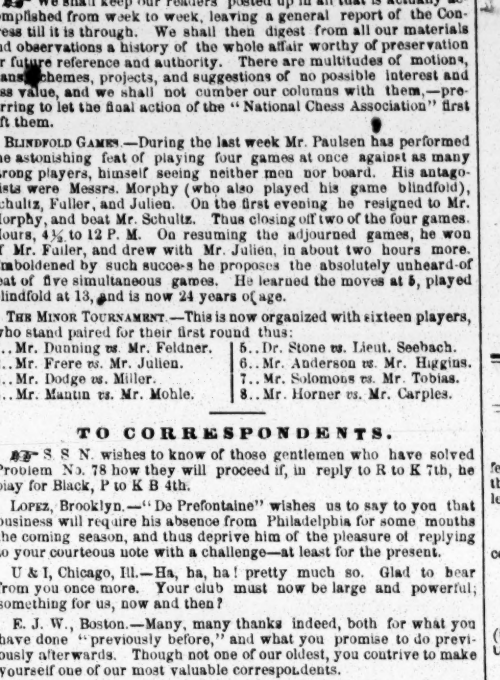
ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.—We withheld the name for the very reason that we hoped, after all, some such explanation of the affair might be given. For the very courteous and gentlemanly forbearance exhibited by the full and frank explanation, accept our heartfelt thanks. The exhibition of such a temper has alone secured this reply. "Suspicion?" no! We can now esteem you more than ever, as having proved that you possess the qualities of a true man, a high-souled chess-player, and an earnest and faithful contributor.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 82.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..K Kt to Q B 7 +	K to Kt sq	4..Q to B 8 +	R × Q
2..Q Kt-R 6 +	B × Kt	5..K-Q 7 dis +	R-B 3
3..Kt × B +	K-R sq	6..B × R, mate.	

PROBLEM NO. 83.—BY CAMBRIDGE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 83.

The second battle between Paul Morphy and Mr. Perrin.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Morphy.	Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Morphy.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..K R to K sq	K R to K sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..B-Q B 2	Kt-K Kt 3
3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	21..B × Kt	R P × B
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	22..Q-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 4
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	23..Q-K B 5	K R-K 2
6..P-K 5	P-Q 4	24..K R-K 3	Q R-K sq
7..B-Q Kt 3	K Kt-K 5	25..Q R-K sq	Q-K B 5
8..B P × P	B-Q Kt 3	26..Q-K Kt 6	Q-K R 5
9..Castles	Q B-K Kt 5	27..Q-K B 5	Q-K R 2
10..Q B-K 3	Castles	28..Q-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 3
11..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 2	29..P-K B 4	Q-K R 5
12..P-K R 3	Q B × K Kt	30..P-K B 5	K-Kt 2
13..Q × Q B	K Kt × Kt	31..Q × Q	Kt 2d P × Q
14..Kt P × Kt	P-K B 3	32..P-K Kt 4	K-R 3
15..P-K 6	P-Q B 3	33..K R-K B 3	K-Kt 4
16..Q B-home	K B-Q B 2	34..R-B 2	K R-Q B 2
17..Q B-Q R 3	K B-Q 3	35..Q R-K 2, and the *partie* was drawn by agreement.	
18..Q B × B	Q × Q B		

STANLEY AND MORPHY.

A well-thwarted and fiercely-turned gambit between Old England and Young America.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Attack, C. H. Stanley.	Defence, Paul Morphy.	Attack, C. H Stanley.	Defence, Paul Morphy
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K to his 2	P to K Kt 4
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	12..Kt-K 5	B-K Kt 2
3..K B-Q B 4	Q-K R 5 +	13..Kt-K Kt 4	P-K B 6 +
4..K-B sq	P-Q Kt 4 (a)	14..K × B P	Q-her Kt 3
5..B-Q Kt 3	K Kt-B 3	15..Q-K 2	Castles
6..K Kt-B 3	Q-K R 3	16..K B-Q B 4	Q Kt-B 3
7..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q Kt 5	17..P-Q B 3	K-R sq
8..Q Kt-his 5	Q B-R 3	18..Q-K 3	P-K B 4
9..K B-Q B 4	Q B × Kt	19..Q × Q	P × Kt +
10..K B × Q B	K Kt-R 4	20..K × P	Kt-B 3 +,
		And Mr Stanley resigned.	

(a) A brilliant counter-gambit invented by M. Kieseritzky; the Attack must not take the offered Pawn. M. K. was accustomed to play this at the 3d move and then 5..(ch), but it is quite an immaterial inversion. It is not prudent, either, to take K B P (ch) *e. g.*—

3..	P to Q Kt 4	7..Q × Q R	Q to K R 5 +
4..B × K B P +	K × K B	8. K-Q sq (1)	Q-K Kt 5 +
5..Q-K R 5 +	P-K Kt 3	9..Kt-K 2	Q × K Kt P
6..Q-her 5 +	K-Kt 2	10..R-Kt sq	Q-K B 7, and

the Defence ought to win.—*Handbook.*

(1) If K to B sq, Defence replies 8..K B to Q B 4, and on 9..Kt to K R 3, he goes P to K B 6, and wins.

See, also, the games between MM. Devinck and Desloges *vs* Kieseritzky, Handbook, p. 346.

Staunton (Walker's 1000 Games, p. 142,) opens a game thus:

Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Mr. Staunton.	Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Mr. Staunton.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..P to K R 4	P to K R 3
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	9..K-Kt sq	P-K Kt 5
3..K B-Q B 4	P-Q Kt 4	10..K Kt-R 2	P-Q 3
4..B-Q Kt 3	Q-K R 5 +	11..P-Q 4	P-Q R 4
5..K-B sq	P-K Kt 4 (2)	12..P-Q R 3	P-K B 6
6..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	13..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
7..K Kt-B 3	Q-K R 4	14..Q × P	Q × Q, &c.

The battle ran to 56 moves and was won by Mr. Staunton.

(2) The student will be interested and instructed to study well this departure from the text in the game above; as also the difference in the after play: likewise the Attack's variation, which does not occur till the 8th move.

ENIGMA NO. 83.—BY DELTA.

WHITE.—K at Q 8; B's at K B 2 and K 6; Kt at K 4; and P at K B 3d.
BLACK.—K at his 4; B at Q R 3; P's at K Kt 2, K B 5, Q 5, Q B 5, and Q Kt 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME FIRST.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philadelphia.
16..Kt takes Q P	B takes Kt
17..R takes B	Q to K 2
18..Q B to K B 4	

GAME SECOND.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
16..P to K B 5	P to Q Kt 4
17..B to Q 5	Q R to Q Kt sq
18..P to Q R 4	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
14..K Kt to his 5	P to K B 4
15..K B takes B	K B P takes K B
16..Kt to K 6	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z, SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
9..Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to B 3
10..P to Q 4	Q to K 2
11..Castles	Q to K 2

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

DRAUGHT CONGRESS.

WE intend soon to publish letters from our correspondents in different parts of the Union regarding the coming Draught Congress. In the mean time, friends communicate with each other and with *us*, and let us "arrange the conditions." Who speaks first?

☞ Next week we shall publish a game forwarded by an esteemed correspondent, John Drummond, Esq., of Scotland.

CHALLENGE.

"WOBURN" will play "Uncle Sam" a game "through the CLIPPER" (if agreeable.) Will choose Black, and play 11 to 15. What says Uncle?

ANOTHER.

"AUGUSTUS" will be happy to play "Harry" of Buffalo, a game of Draughts. Will give him choice of men and move. If "Harry" does not accept, he offers Mr. Mercer the same chance. Augustus "goes in" for the Tournament.

ANOTHER!

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I take this opportunity of expressing my disappointment at the unfriendly (if not ungentlemanly) way in which A. G. disappeared from his match game; particularly as I wished to test myself with one of your first-class players. Among the number of your contributors I am happy to see so many taking so lively an interest in the scientific game of Draughts. I doubt not that there are many fine players among them; but, I prefer playing a game with "Harry" of Buffalo, believing that he will afford me considerable interest. J. H. H.

A CARD.

SALEM, Oct. 1, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* G. R. Marden's Single Corner is faulty; his 10th move, 18 to 14, ought to have *lost* him the game; 6 to 10 for Blacks 11th would have *won*. Let G. R. M. examine, and give you the result. Alonzo will agree to win with the Blacks, after *that* move. Hastily, ALONZO.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8, 1857.

HARRY, OF BUFFALO—*Dear Sir:* For your very pretty solution of Game No. 133, which is correct, please accept my thanks. The position occurred in a game which I won: my opponent as well as myself overlooked *your* draw move, you know. "To err, is human, to forgive," &c. Truly yours, E. HULL.

A CARD.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 3, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Position No. 152, by Truxton, should read "White to move and draw," instead of win. Here is the Solution as it should be:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
16 to 11	7 to 16	26 to 23	13 to 17
20 11	6 10(a)	15 10	17 22
15 9	14 17	10 7	22 26
21 14	9 18	7 2	26 31
22 15	2 9	7 10	31 26
25 21	9 14	Drawn.	

(a) This is the only drawable move for Black.

I regret exceedingly for having sent the Position with the above error in it. I merely looked it over; but after having sent it, I discovered the flaw. Rest assured it shall not occur again. TRUXTON.

A CARD.

BUFFALO, Oct. 1, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* The notes I appended to the Defiance in this week's CLIPPER are not correct where I state that 8 to 11 would be a losing move. "Nemo" has shown me a compulsory and scientific draw. I cheerfully make this correction, and wish it *distinctly understood* that I claim no exception from the rule that "all are liable to err." Even the "self-styled champion" made three mistakes in playing ten games in his late encounter with Mr. Bethell.

I would willingly comply with Mr. E. Edmon's request to play Game 78 from 7th move, did circumstances permit. Perhaps I can now satisfy him that his proposed move would *fare hard*. Let me assure him that Mojaisk made the best move:

GAME 78.

Mojaisk, Black.	Harry, White.	E Edmon, Black.	Harry, White.
1..11 to 15	27 to 17	7..3 to 8	13 to 9
2..9 14	23 19	8..6 22	21 17
3..5 9	17 13	9..14 21	23 14
4..14 18	21 17	10..10 17	19 3
5..9 14	25 21		
6..8 11	26 23		

Will E. E. please show how he ever would expect to draw against my reply to his 7th move, 3 to 8, as above? Yours, HARRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TYRO, Southbury.—Will submit your Position to the examination of our readers soon. Let us hear from you again.

G. R. MARDEN, Salem, Mass.—Once more accept our sincere thanks for Position. We *will* "keep you posted" in the match between Messrs. Drysdale and Drummond. See Alonzo's card this week.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—We will publish the "Whilter" next week.

A. R. N., New York.—Know Nothing writes us as follows: "Will A. R. N. please say whether a letter would reach him to his old address. I should like to favor him with a communication, and expect that he will attend to this friendly request."

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—You will observe that we have attended to the "A. R. N." matter.

ALONZO.—We publish your card this week.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 151.

NEW SERIES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..14 to 10	18 to 11	4..9 to 5	2 to 9
2..10 7	8.. 10	5..5 32	
3..24 22	17 19	and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 153.

NEW SERIES.

BY PHINEAS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..23 to 19	15 to 8	4..7 to 10	14 to 7
2..12 3	24 15	5..3 1	13 6
3..31 27	32 23	6..1 17 and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 154.

NEW SERIES.

END-GAME.—BY ALONZO.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..31 to 26	2 to 7(a)	4..23 to 5	30 to 23
2..15 10	6 15	5..27 2	
3..21 17	14 30	and wins.	

(a)

1..		1	6	3..24 20	7 to 10, or 11
2..28	24	2	7	4..32 28	and wins.

GAME NO. 84.—NEW SERIES.

FIFE GAMBIT ACCEPTED, BY NEMO.

1..22 to 18		10 to 14		13..30 to 26		11 to 15	
2..24	19	11	16	14..19	16	12	19
3..28	24	16	20	15..23	16	14	18
4..19	15	14	17	16..29	25 (b)	10	14
5..21	14	7	10	17..26	22	2	6 (c)
6..14	7	3	28	18..16	11	6	9
7..23	10	9	14	19..11	7	9	13
8..18	9	5	14	20.. 7	2	14	17
9..25	22	8	11	21.. 2	7	17	26
10..26	23	6	10	22..31	22	15	19(d)
11..22	18	1	5(a)	23..22	15	19	24
12..18	9	5	14	Drawn.			

(a) Anderson moves 1 to 6.
(b) 27 to 24 would not do.
(c) 2 to 7 could not win.
(d) Most now.

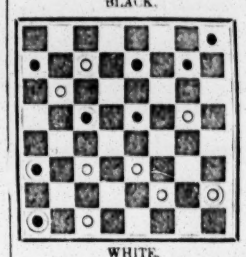
POSITION NO. 155.

NEW SERIES.

By "Nemo."

"One of the Strokes."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

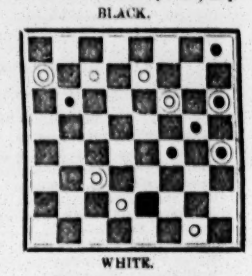
POSITION NO. 156.

NEW SERIES.

By "Foo Foo."

Dedicated to A. J. Dryadale, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F	
7..9	14	18	9
8..5	14		

BETWEEN FOO FOO AND E. F. S.

Black—E. F. S.		White—Foo Foo.	
1..11	15	22	17
2..9	14	23	19
3..5	9		

BETWEEN NEMO AND MARTIN.

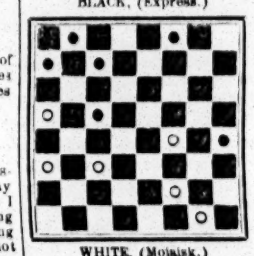
DEFIANCE.

Black—Nemo.		White—Martin.	
8..8	11	22	17

MATCH GAME.

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



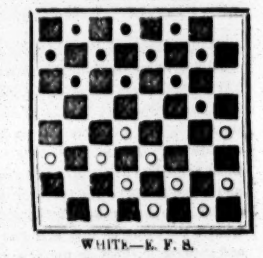
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

Drawn.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

SLOWLY, but unmistakably, are our public places of amusement feeling the pressure, while the panic strikes terror to the hearts of all connected therewith. Already have some establishments here been forced to the "two-third salary" system, hoping thereby to be able to scud through the storm in safety. When business is prosperous, however, the manager does not share the extra profits with his company, as he does his losses in times of depression like the present. Being cramped for room this week, we must curtail our remarks, and give the items of the day in brief.

The Ronzani Ballet Troupe at the Broadway are doing a fair business. Miss Cushman at Burton's, is drawing immensely. At Wallack's, the stock company fails to draw sufficient to meet expenses. Laura Keene is doing as well as can be expected in such hard times as we are having. The Bowery is making a trifle for the manager, as is also the National; this fact goes to show that the panic is more severely felt by the Broadway establishments, than those on the eastern side. The Bryants, however, who are on Broadway, thrive astonishingly, crowds attending their unique entertainments each evening. In our next more attention will be given to our city amusements, and the progress of the "contagion" in theatrics duly noted.

On Monday evening next, 19th inst., a great contest for a prize banjo is to take place at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, No 539 Broadway, when most of the banjo players will appear, and contend for the prize, which is a splendid affair. Among those who have entered to compete are Messrs. J. Butler, T. Harris, A. Roome, H. Glass, F. Speed, F. Ayers, W. Curtis, C. Kenna, J. Ring, G. Rush, C. Ploomer, P. Rice, W. Campell, E. Chappel, D. Parent, W. Core, and others.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

Spalding & Rogers Amphitheatre, in New Orleans, has just put on "new apparel," and looks as good as new. Mat. Peel and his Campbell Minstrels inaugurated the opening.

We noticed in our last, the Transcript's report of a speech made by Mr. Blake, in Philadelphia, and expressed a hope that Mr. B. had been incorrectly reported, but it seems the Transcript was correct. A correspondent sends us a communication, and states that the speech was reported as delivered, *verbatim*. Our correspondent intimates that it will be impolitic for Mr. B. to visit that city again in a professional capacity. We should think it would be, "under the circumstances."

The Boston Theatre is said to be in some kind of "difficulty," and the stockholders think of "taking the chances" of realizing.

We inadvertently, in our last, attributed to a member of the Pittsburgh company, a laughable error, which has called forth the following response. Nashville was the "scene of the effort," instead of Pittsburgh. We give Pittsburgh a hearing, with great pleasure. Read:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 9, 1857.

Sir: In your theatrical summary of this week you have a paragraph attributing to a member of this company a grammatical error of the grossest and most ludicrous description during the performance of the part of "Beausant" to Miss Dora Shaw's "Pauline." In justice to the party who is in the habit of playing the above named part in this theatre, a gentleman, a scholar, and an actor of some ten years standing, I beg to state that Miss Dora Shaw has never played an engagement in this city during the present or any previous season; and moreover that errors of so glaring a nature occur as infrequently, and would be as little tolerated on the stage of the Pittsburgh Theatre as on that of the Broadway. Pittsburgh is not in the woods, and although we have doubtless sins enough of our own to answer for, we have an objection to being saddled with those of other people.

Trusting you will correct the mistake in your next, I am, Sir,

Yours, &c., A. W. YOUNG,
Stage Manager, Pittsburgh Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack were playing at the Pittsburgh Theatre last week.

Mlle. Nau, who sang in this city a year or two since, is said to have entirely lost the use of her voice. Such a loss would not be regretted in some women.

Mr. Charles Mathews has not been as successful in Boston as he was in New York.

Walter Gay has completed an abridgement of Hamlet. He seems to have cut and slashed things with a perfect looseness, without leave or license. Wonder what Shakespeare would say, were he among us?

The Hall of Varieties, a sort of one-horse theatre in Providence, R. I., was sold a few days since for $40, subject to an incumbrance of $1000.

Mr. Robert Johnston was last in Detroit. He is on a "tower."

Miss Logan has been doing Meg Merrles at Wood's Theatre, St. Louis.

DANCING.—CHALLENGE.—Boston, Oct. 12, 1857.—MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* Understanding that Frank Spencer, the jig dancer, has reported that he can beat me dancing a jig, I am ready to make a match for one or two hundred dollars with said Spencer, or any other man in Massachusetts, to dance a jig, reel, and hornpipe. Man and money ready at Barney Fords, No. 313 North street, Boston.

E. S. GRAY, Boston Rattler.

P. S.—If said Spencer does not make a match with me, Joe French will be happy to make a match for the same amount.

WRESTLING CHALLENGE.—Francis Farley will wrestle any amateur in the State of Massachusetts, best two out of three falls, collar and elbow hold, for $10 a side. Man and money ready at 130 Broad st., Boston.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS
FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more
SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS
in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:
Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & CO., 21 and 23 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUEL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. EZEKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

CHESS.

CHESS AMONG CLERGYMEN.

BY THE CHESS EDITOR.

ONE attentively considering the report of the late Chess Festival at Manchester must be struck with the zeal, skill, numbers, and prominence of the clergy at that gathering. And why not? If, as a class, they are not overstocked with practical wisdom, or are not overmuch liberal in their applications of general intelligence; they are eminently a learned, conservative, contemplative body of men, of vast personal influence and immense aggregate power. It is most markedly true that the severe asceticism of former times has softened, and, as it were, melted away before the genial sun of a more sympathetic christianity. Even the repulsive bigotry of a century since has been compelled to hide some of its hideous scowls before the smiles of a somewhat nearer approach of the grateful reign of universal brotherhood. For we are taught that the triumph of truth over error, however radical and complete, is to be peacefully accomplished—save the one final struggle. Even the fiercest dogmatists have been compelled to acknowledge that, after all, religion to be worth anything to mankind must assimilate its claims and relations to the condition, and capacity, and organization of the race it is designed to benefit; and, hence, has a humanitarian as well as theological view and application. Now what is the result of this admitted change? Why, that our teachers and patterns in religious things are assuming less the airs of superior beings, and becoming more like men in manners as well as nature; not less theoretically pious, but more practically bringing their piety to bear upon the best good of their fellow men.

To invite men to goodness and purity of life is vastly more effective, and its results more permanently satisfactory than the driving processes too often, alas! employed. Yet we know more than one Rev. Mr. Blunderbore who, we verily believe, would rather drive than lead a flock to heaven; and would not hesitate, we fancy, to hurry up the hindermost with a kick and a—blessing—particularly if he saw indications of the doors being closed between himself and said laggards.

Enough of the constitution of our present compound nature, mysterious as it is, is known to plant ourselves on this axiom: that to preserve and make the best use of our mental and physical vigor for the little space allotted us, we must have agreeable mental and physical relaxation. And who shall dare deny that the custody of such vigor is one of the "talents" committed to our keeping by the Almighty, and that it will be "journalized" to our names in the final account? Why we are bound to believe that even angels have their pleasures distinct from their simple duties, even where all is pleasure; and that the good in another world, freed from the trammels of time and the body, have relaxations suitable to their moral and mental condition. What follows? Why that amusements both of mind and body are not merely permitted, but actually enjoined upon us as a species of duty, to enjoy, according to our several idiosyncrasies of mind or body. Of course we only speak of pleasures in themselves lawful; for it is true there are two great classes of amusements, the elevating and the corrupting in their tendency. It is also unfortunately true that owing to our own corrupt nature as individuals, and the corrupting tendencies of the social compact as controlled and exhibited by so-called fashionable society, the latter greatly predominate: *i. e.* those corrupting in themselves, or, of themselves indifferent, turned to a debasing use.

Now get we the gist of the matter by asking who are in the greatest degree responsible for the phases the amusements of a community take? Those, clearly, who are known to exert the most influence in that community. And who are they? 1st. Their spiritual guides: 2d. Their intellectual teachers: 3d. Their political rulers: and 4th. Their physicians. With the first only, as chiefest, we now deal.

How can or should a minister guide the *amusements* of the community? asks one with a stare of, almost, horror, to whom the proposition is as novel as true. Well, surely not by putting on white bibs and tuckers, drawing on black kid gloves, raising the hands and turning up the eyes, and in a voice of sanctimonious hypocrisy, cant at least, crying, woe, woe! If you wish to repel a cultivated, reflecting mind from all goodness, try this on, and you've done it. No, eschewing and reprimanding the evil and debasing, passing by the simply doubtful or inoffensive, lest they "cause some weak consciences to offend;" let them throw off kid and bib, harden their hands by free and frequent use of the cricket bat, limber out their stiff necks and limbs by "fielding drives for four;" and then come before honest men like honest men "with a sound mind in a sound body." But to enlarge upon this we leave to our cricketing *confrere*.

What amusement so noble in itself, and so ennobling in all its tendencies upon the mind as our most ancient pastime, Chess? No one, in all the range of human ingenuity. The original genius of all antiquity, the inventive talent and elaborating carefulness of all modern times have never been able to produce another so perfect and beautiful a creation. In intellectual recreation, then, dissuading from debasing and steering clear of the doubtful amusements, lead the mind to this, at once, of acknowledged excellence, of undoubted purity, of long-tried and well-approved moral tendencies. Lead decidedly forward to a recreation that at once deadens and, at least, tends to destroy all the baser passions of our nature; and to call into action and strengthen nearly all the elevating emotions of heart and mind. Says Walker: "The powers of chess as a mental exercise are, indeed, not to be surpassed. To praise it, is to paint the lily, and to gild the red, red rose. Even as the sordid and mean of soul shrink earthwards, on being touched by the sun-like spear of Ithuriel, so does chess purify from grosser essence, that social circle which it permeates." So high are its qualities as a family pastime.

We cannot, we need not enumerate more particularly its claims upon and fitness for our clergymen. We wish to present the subject, not doubting but the reflections of many will set them in good time to fill up the details, and carry the ideas into practice. The clergymen of every other nation are far in advance in this respect, but we confidently look forward to the day when our own shall be no whit behind the most forward in being the guide and exemplars of youth in *all* that pertains to their moral and intellectual superiority.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

DID OUR SAXON FOREFATHERS PLAY CHESS?—Dr. Forbes, in his interesting note on Chess in India, as illustrated by recent discoveries at the ruined city of Braminabad, concludes with observing:

"We are now no longer left in doubt about the matter; and chess was obviously a very common game in Scinde, at the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, when all Europe was in the deepest state of darkness." But did this state of darkness exclude the game of Chess from European amusements? I am inclined to think not. The BREHON LAWS of Ireland describe a BRUGH as a person endowed with land, &c., by the prince, to entertain travelers; and say that he was obliged to supply all AIRECHS (*i. e* nobles) with *chess boards* and backgammon tables. These laws also enumerate among the privileges of native rustics, that of "*playing at the game of chess* in the house of an Airech." And Ledwich, in his "Antiquities of Kilkenny," says, "The magnificence of an Airech Traith consists in good living and rich apparel, feather beds and quilts, *chess board* and backgammon table, horses and chariots, hounds, &c. (Southey, third series, pp. 199, 200, and 206.) These Brehon Laws were the ancient customs of Ireland, which preceded any positive written enactments; "a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition from one to another," as Spenser says in his "State of Ireland." We also find in Lappenberg's Anglo-Saxon History, the curious anecdote of Canute the Great causing his brother-in-law, Ulf, to be murdered, in consequence of a quarrel which arose from the King *losing a Kt. at a game of chess*, at a time when his temper was already soured by the previous loss of a battle on the river Helga. These facts seem to show that chess was by no means uncultivated in the British Islands and in the Baltic territories, at the time of the Saxon Heptarchy.—BERM.

HOME AGAIN.—We are happy to announce that the New York Chess Club, having indulged in its annual vacation, is again ensconced in its own commodious quarters, 19 E. 12th st., near University place. As in times past, so at present, and for many years to come, our venerable *pater senatus*, Frederic Perrin, Esq., is the club's representative to welcome strangers, receive visitors, and induct new members; and a more affable and acceptable officer to whom to commit the honor of the club could not be found. The near approach of our National Chess Congress gives this re-opening an unusual *eclat*, and gives us the promise of a year of unexampled interest and prosperity. We take this opportunity, also, to reply to a multitude of inquiries, past, present, and to come, that no formalities hedge up the path to membership, and no previous standard of skill is requisite. The applicant is presumed to be a gentleman in mind and manners, to love the game, and possess intellectual cultivation: then, simply upon application to the Sec'y, at the rooms, signing the By-Laws and paying the 1st annual dues, $8, he becomes a member. The amiable Sec'y will soon make him feel quite at home and among congenial friends.—*Mem.* They'll beat you "like sixty." Club nights, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.

CHESS IN SWITZERLAND.—Swiss chess has for years been most favorably known through Herr F. Caprez, of Coire, who holds a high official position. But through the *Era* we learn that a Chess Festival, on a large scale, is to be held [about this time we suppose] the present season in Berne, at that point of the season when a large number of visitors are always assembled at that capital. Herr C's principal local coadjutor is Herr Hauptmann Karl von Tschartner, co-editor of *The Bund*, and an enthusiast in the cause of chess. In our far-off western home we can but wish the gathering a triumphant success, which we do with all our heart. A chess festival in Switzerland!—why the idea is most appropriate. Whose imagination, that has a spark of genuine chess enthusiasm about him, does not kindle at the thought? No stiff formalities of playing only at the club, here; now a match with some gouty old veteran too ill or too lazy to get to the club—this in his own cozy corner or snug library: anon, in the vine-clad porch of some rural cot, a maiden now and then peering over your shoulder, with a heart as pure and laughing as her own mountain streams, and eyes as blue and soul-lit as her own native heavens: anon, with some youthful competitor, as physically as intellectually vigorous, climbing some beetling crag, and there, fifteen hundred feet above the ordinary haunts of busy man, in a sheltered nook with crags towering still above, contesting your match, with the mountain eagles to scream your checks and telegraph your victories.

☞ For latest Chess news see inside page.

EXCITING CONTEST WITH FIRE ENGINES.

HARTFORD, SEPT. 24.

A VERY interesting and exciting trial of fire engines took place in Hartford, Conn., on the 24th of September, of which the following is a report:

The playing ground was admirably arranged, and planned to give general satisfaction. Two large cisterns or tanks were sunk in the ground, which were filled with water from the hydrants, and kept supplied. Close by was the Engineers' stand. The hose from each engine was run in a straight line to the east 400 feet, to the frame work where the pipe holders were to stand. The first stake marks 100 feet; the second 140 feet, and from that up to 210 feet; the feet and inches were marked on a long broad platform or track, 5 feet wide.

Each company played through 400 feet hose, and were allowed fifteen minutes from the time of arriving at the reservoir for the trial. The following ist he order in which they played, beginning with No. 1:

No.		FT.	IN.
1.	Cataract No. 6, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Capt. Johnson, 75 men, Button tub, 9 inch cylinder, 8 inch stroke	160	00
2.	Pacific No. 1, Chicopee, Capt. Drake, 55 men, Button tub.	186	09
3.	Washington No. 1, Williamsburgh, N. Y., Capt. Gill, 34 men, Smith tub	153	00
4.	Protector No. 2, New London, Capt. Dodge, Van Ness tub.	100	00
5.	Warren No. 4, Charlestown, Capt. Prescott, 50 men, Hunneman engine, 6 inch cylinder, 13 inch stroke	137	05
6.	Phenix No. 5, New Haven, Capt. Tuttle, 70 men, Hunneman engine	138	06
7.	Waterbury No. 2, Waterbury, Capt. Wallace, Van Ness machine	138	00
8.	Protector No. 22, New York, Capt. Entwhistle, 50 men, Crane engine, 8 inch cylinder, 7 to 9 inch stroke	137	00
9.	Rough and Ready No. 5, North Providence, Capt. Leonard, 40 men, Button machine	146	00
10.	Phœnix No. 12, Brooklyn, N. Y., Capt. Coggins, 56 men, Hunneman machine	143	04
11.	Columbia No. 5, New Bedford, Mass., Capt. Hyde, 50 men, Button machine, 10 inch cylinder, 7½ inch stroke	133	00
12.	Fire King No. 2, Rockville, Capt. Crosby, 60 men, Smith machine	158	06
13.	Deluge No. 2, Northampton, Mass, Capt. ——, 50 men, Jeffer's machine, 9 inch cylinder, 8½ to 9½ inch stroke	148	00
14.	Washington No. 3, Medford, Capt. Mitchell, 50 men, Hunneman engine	146	00
15.	Quinnepiac No. 8, Fair Haven, Capt. Bradley, 50 men, Van Ness machine	142	00
16.	Rippowam No 1, Stamford, Capt. Meeker, 45 men, Button engine, 10 inch cylinder, 8 inch stroke	146	00
17.	Pantoosic No. 2, Pittsfield, Capt. Shepardson, 40 men, Waterman engine	112	00
18.	Washington No. 2, New Haven, Capt. Blakeslee, 82 men, Gizleman & Sickle's engine	126	00
19.	Phœnix No. 1, Waterbury, Capt. Laird, 50 men, Van Ness machine, 7¾ inch cylinder, 9 inch stroke	147	03
20.	Niagara No 3, Worcester, Capt. Hudson, 40 men, Hunneman machine	133	08
21.	Bristol No. 1, Bristol, Conn., Capt. Fleming, 60 men, Roberts machine, 8 inch cylinder, 7 inch stroke	138	06
22.	Empire No. 9, Fair Haven, Capt. Holt, 69 men, Van Ness piano machine, 9 inch cylinder, 8½ inch stroke	146	00
23.	Neptune No. 6, New Haven, Capt. Madden, 80 men, Torboss machine	175	02
24.	Niagara No. 3, Millbury, Mass., Capt. Elles, 50 men, Thayer machine	136	05
25.	Niagara No. 1, New Britain, Capt. Howell, 80 men, Waterman engine, 7¾ inch cylinder, 8 inch stroke	151	00
26.	Gaspee No. 9, Providence, Capt. Lawton, 50 men, Jeffers engine	166	00
27.	Emperor No. 2, New England Village, Capt. Brooks, 50 men, Howard & Davis engine	145	10
28.	Yankee No. 5, Worcester, Capt. McFarland, 80 men, Roberts engine	152	09
29.	Silver Greys No. 10, Lynn, Mass., Capt. Lewis, Howard & Davis machine, 7 inch cylinder	142	10
30.	Barnicoat No. 11, of Boston, Capt. Hunting, 40 men, Hunneman engine, 8 inch cylinder, 15 inch stroke	160	04
31.	Union No 3, Norwich, Capt Sherman, 55 men, Smith machine, 7½ inch cylinder, 8 to 9 inch stroke	142	08
32.	Housatonic No. 2, Pittsfield, Mass., Capt. Clapp, 50 men, Waterman machine	137	08
33.	Water Witch No. 2, Lee, Mass., Capt. Pease.	131	00
34.	Mayflower No. 4, North Bridgewater, Capt. Lincoln, 55 men, Button engine, 10 inch cylinder, 7½ inch stroke	180	04
35.	Holyoke No. 1, Holyoke, Mass., Capt. Marsh, 50 men, Button engine, 10 inch cylinder, 4 to 7 inch stroke	161	00
36.	America No. 1, West Brookfield, Capt. Perry, 55 men, Hunneman engine	146	03
37.	Washington No. 1, Worcester, Capt. Bromhall, 50 men, Hunneman engine	140	04
38.	Bay State No. 2, Westfield, Capt. Collins	134	00
39.	Collinsville No. 1, Capt. Calhoun, 80 men, Button machine, 10 inch cylinder, 7½ inch stroke	165	00

Eight prizes were contended for, as follows:

1st Prize, cash		$700 00
2d	" "	200 00
3d	" Gold-mounted Charter Oak Trumpet	125 00
4th	" Silver Tea Set and Water Pitcher	100 00
5th	" Silver Walter	100 00
6th	" Colt's Revolver, mounted	50 00
7th	" Silver plated Pipe, patent tip	50 00
8th	" Silver Water Pitcher	20 00

The 4th and 5th prizes were of equal value, and the winners decided by lot. After the trial, the judges awarded the prizes to the following companies:

1st Prize, to Pacific No. 1, of Chicopee, Mass., 186 feet 9 inches.
2d " to Mayflower No. 4, of North Bridgewater, Mass., 180 feet 4 inches.
3d " to Neptune No. 6, of New Haven, Ct., 175 feet 2 inches.
4th " to Gaspee No. 9, of Providence, R. I., 166 feet.
5th " to Collinsville No. 1, of Collinsville, Ct., 165 feet.
6th " to Holyoke No. 1, of Holyoke, Mass., 161 feet.
7th " to Barnicoat No. 11, of Boston, Mass., 160 feet 4 inches.
8th " to Cataract No. 6, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y, 160 feet.

As fast as the companies finished playing, they left the field, and many of them left for home in the evening trains.

SECOND TRIAL OF DOVER FIRE ENGINES.—Dover, Oct. 4, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* In your last, you published an account of the trial of the Dover Fire Engines, in which it is stated that Tiger 2 was prevented from entering the lists, by some defection of her brakes, but "*Bloody to the last*" had challenged the whole Department to meet on Franklin Square. The second trial having come off, I thought an account of it would not be uninteresting to your numerous readers afar off, some of them probably having been members of the contending companies, should be interested in the result. The gauntlet was taken up by Strafford 1, Capt. Nute, and Fountain 3, (called in Dover the old "Blue Kitchen,") Capt. Sheppard, who came on to the ground wearing the laurels they won at the trial of the 19th. Considerable boasting having been done by the Tiger's for some time past that they, with their new brakes and other improvements, could win easily, their friends and those not thoroughly posted were taken down considerably. Saturday, Oct 3, was the day agreed upon for the trial, and 4 P. M. the hour. The Judges for the occasion were Wm. F. Estes, for 1; Lucien B. Legg, for 2; and Charles Horton for 3. The machines were on the ground early—Hunneman's make all, and of the same size, 5½ inch. Arrangements having been made for the machines to play each a horrizental and perpendicular stream through a 150 feet of hose, the Judges took their stations and the trial commenced. The following is the result in numerical order:

HORIZONTAL.

Strafford, 1..146 ft. 6 in. | Tiger, 2..169 ft. | Fountain, 3..191 ft. 9 in.

PERPENDICULAR.

Strafford, 1.....170 ft. | Tiger, 2.....170 ft.
Fountain, 3.....Over the Eagle Bird.

The perpendicular stream was played on the Democratic pole, which measures from the ground to the top of eagle, 184 feet. After the decision, three times three was given, and then all hands repaired to 2's house to partake of a colation prepared by them. Everything passed off quietly, and the Tiger's retired to their homes confident that with the Blue Kitchen Boys they had no show to win. Yours, &c., SYKESY.

QUOITING.

RETURN MATCH BETWEEN HAMILTON AND DUNDAS.

DUNDAS, Canada West, Oct. 5, 1857.

DEAR CLIPPER: The return match at quoits between the Hamilton and Dundas Clubs (of which I promised you a score) took place at Hamilton on the 3d Oct., as was duly appointed. The gloomy appearance of the weather prevented the spectators turning out as numerous as they were on the former occasion. The players and patrons of the game, however, were at their posts at the appointed time. A proposition having been made by the Hamilton Club to number the Rinks according to the merits of the players, was at once acceeded to on the part of Dundas, when the following players were pitted against each other:

Rink No. 1, Hamilton, was represented by Messrs. G. Gillespie and Douglas, against the Nonpareil (*Gray*) and Scott. Gillespie, who had been suffering from severe indisposition for a week previous to the match, did not play in his usual style; however, this was the game of the day, some excellent play being evinced—indeed, I doubt if any other four in Canada can be found to compete with them with success.

Rink No. 2, Hamilton, were Messrs. Dixon and Gillespie against Anderson and Barry. Fears were entertained by the latter gentlemen that they would suffer defeat from their able opponents, but, alas, such is the uncertainty of events, the game resulted in their favor by a large score.

Rink No. 3, Hamilton, were Bull and Beasley against Perry and Swindle, who soon vanquished their brave antagonists. Some interesting play took place on this Rink, as might have been seen by the frequent use of the compass to determine which was first.

Rink No. 4, Hamilton, were Stewart and Ellison, against Williamson and Martlin. The two latter, having suffered defeat at the previous match, seemed anxious to regain the good opinion entertained of them, played steadily throughout the game, and proved themselves equal to the task—Ellison and Stewart playing admirably towards the latter part of the game. The following is the score:

HAMILTON.		DUNDAS.	
RINK.		RINK.	
1.	G. Gillespie and Douglas....25	1.	Gray and Scott 41
2.	Dixon and T. Gillesby.....20	2.	Andersoa and Barry.....41
3.	Bull and Beasley 15	3.	Perry and Swindle.....41
4.	Stewart and Ellison.....15	4.	Williamson and Martlin 41
	Total.....75		Total..... 164

It is gratifying to see the good feeling which existed on those trials of skill between each other. Nothing can add more to the interest of such manly sports; and the hospitality for which the Hamiltonians are proverbial was exhibited to a degree on this occasion. Not satisfied with supplying all the excellent refreshments on the ground, they extended an invitation to visit friend Beasley's, *where*, after regaling on the best, they pledged themselves on the advent of another season to fight their battles o'er again. Yours, &c.,

A LOVER OF SPORT.

FOOT RACING IN MICHIGAN.—Detroit, Sept. 26th, 1857.—EDITOR CLIPPER—There was a great gala day at Grosse Point, on Lake St. Clair, on Thursday, 24th inst., where a number of foot races were appointed to take place, and accordingly a large assemblage had mustered to witness the sport. Four races were on the programme. The following gentlemen were appointed officials: Alexander Paton, judge; Walter Paton, starter; and John Cornfield, master of the ceremonies.

The first race was between Marcus Chase and Logan Chipman, half mile, for $20 a side—both men appeared at the scratch fully equipped in their running gear; Chase looked confident, while Chipman looked with a contemptuous smile upon his little opponent. A fair start was effected, Chase taking the lead, and maintaining it half the distance, when Chipman collared him, and they ran breast and breast for 100 yards, when Chipman gave him the go-by, and reached the goal 20 yards ahead of Chase. Chipman is an old runner, having been living among the Indians in Minnesota.

The next race was between W. H. Patten, the Michigan Stag, and Billy Carson, alias the Frog Eater—200 yards, for $10 a side. Patten was the favorite at starting; both went away at a rattling pace, and continued locked to each other for 100 yards, but the fine condition of the Frog shewed itself, he making one bound which left a gap of five yards between them; Patten made unearthly struggles to catch the little quadruped, but all was in vain; in his last effort he fell, and such a fall my countrymen; his nether garments were so much rent that his friends had to wrap him up in an old American flag that was on the ground, and carry him into the Hotel. The Frog leaped in the rest of the distance at his leisure.

The third race was between two heavy weights, Henry Gordon, the sporting butcher, and John Cornfield, alias Puffy—100 yards, for 2 baskets of Champagne. This was an amusing race, both being rather full of flesh—however, they managed to run the distance, though discoursing rather curious music with their respiratory organs, Cornfield winning by 1 yard.

The most important event did not come off on account of the absence of two of the fastest men in Detroit, viz.: Dick Starkey, alias Bolus, and Capt. R. Brown, alias Spindle Shanks, both being prevented by business. After the sports, the company retired to the Hotel, when a sumptuous dinner was spread by that excellent caterer Geo. Morrow. John Cornfield accepted the Chair, to the satisfaction of all parties. W. H. Patten sung in his inimitable style, the Star Spangled Banner, while Walter Paton gave his favorite song, 'Comin Through the Rye,' to the great delight of the company. The party broke up by 9 o'clock by David McLean singing Auld Lang Syne, with that sweet voice and national accent, which few but himself possess.

I am, yours truly, RAMROD.

GREAT GAME OF BILLIARDS.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO SUCCESSIVE CAROMS ON THE WHITE AND LIGHT-RED BALLS!

SOME days since, the Alta California contained an item in reference to a game of Billiards which had been played at the Bank Exchange Billiard Saloon, in this city, in which it was stated that an astonishing number of points were made in one run. We should have published at the time the full facts of this remarkable game of billiards, but were unable to find the gentleman who had possession of the affidavits we give below, until the present week. As it is now, we present the full particulars, verified to under oath, and have the utmost reliance upon the truth of the statements therein contained.

It may be proper for us to state that the game was played upon a table furnished with Michael Phelan's celebrated patent "model combination cushions," as indeed are all the tables at the Bank Exchange rooms. Mr. M. E. Hughes, of Phelan's Branch Billiard Saloon and Salesroom, next door to the International Hotel, on Jackson street, is the sole agent for the sale of these superior cushions in California, as may be seen by his cards of "caution" in our advertising columns. These cushions are acknowledged by all good billiard players to be far superior to any others in the known world, and players prefer such rooms as have them upon their tables. The game in question is evidence sufficient of the superiority of Phelan's cushions, as we feel confident no such number of points, or anything like it, could be run upon any other cushions.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of San Francisco.

Geo. W. Gift being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says: That on the 15th inst., he was present at the commencement of a game of Billiards, in the Bank Exchange Billiard Saloon, in the City of San Francisco, between William Brown and J. H. Alexander. The terms of the game were that Brown should *double discount* Alexander. The game progressed until Alexander had made twenty points and Brown *none*, at which time Brown commenced counting, and run the entire game of sixty-three points. At the request of several gentlemen present, he continued playing and made seven hundred and twenty-two (722) caroms on the white and light red balls, or fourteen hundred and forty-four points (1444). I saw every stroke made, and know it to have been fairly done. I counted the game. The game was played upon a Carom Table. GEO. W. GIFT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 17th of August.
W. F. SWASEY, Notary Public.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco.

I, John H. Alexander, being duly sworn according to law, depose and say: That on the 15th inst., I was playing a game of Billiards with William Brown on the Carom Table, in the Bank Exchange Billiard Room, in San Francisco. The terms of the game were that Brown should double discount my game. I had succeeded in making twenty points, when Brown commenced counting, and made the entire game. Then at my request, seconded by several others, he continued playing until he succeeded in making, during my stay, six hundred and fifty caroms on the white and light red balls, or thirteen hundred points, and when I left the room was still counting. During the time I was in the saloon, I saw every stroke made, and counted the game and know that fourteen hundred points were fairly made.

J. H. ALEXANDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 17th August, 1857.
W. F. SWASEY, Notary Public.

I, W. F Swasey, a Notary Public, in and for San Francisco County, State of California, do hereby certify that I am personally known to Geo. W. Gift and J. H. Alexander, and that I believe full faith and credit should be given to their affidavits.

In testimony whereof, I hereby set my hand and official seal, on this 17th of August, A. D. 1857. W. F. SWASEY, Notary Public.

I hereby certify that the foregoing instruments are correct copies of the original affidavits, in the hands of William Brown, in the City and County aforesaid.

G. W. GRANNISS.

[*California Spirit of the Times, Sept. 5.*

SCHOONER AND SLOOP RACE.

The schooner San Pablo, Capt. R. Pratt, and the sloop Hattie Porter, Capt. M. Michelsen, sailed from Sacramento, at 5½ o'clock, P. M. Monday last, on a race to this city, where they arrived off Clay street Wharf, at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning, the Hattie Porter some *five or ten minutes* in advance of the San Pablo. Although coming in first, the captain of the Porter does not actually claim the race, we learn, from the fact that the latter vessel was actually beaten in sailing qualities, but the captain of the San Pablo allowed himself to be caught napping, and was passed when he thought himself most secure of victory.

When the boats left Sacramento, the San Pablo had the start, and at dark was reported to be four miles ahead of her opponent, at the "head reach" on the river. She continued to increase the distance, until arriving in San Pablo Bay, Tuesday night, where she hove to just below Benicia, to repair some sailing gear which had got out of order, as well as to allow the captain, who had been up all night previous, to take a brief nap. At this time the Porter was not in sight, and on the captain of the San Pablo retiring he left word with his cook to wake him up at eleven o'clock, intending then to proceed on down, not imagining that his antagonist would overtake him by that time. But the result proves that he had miscalculated, and the cook himself falling asleep, the nimble Hettie not only overhauled, but passed her fleet antagonist, while all were soundly asleep on board. The alarm, however, was speedily sounded on board the San Pablo; the sails promptly spread to the wind, and the schooner went dashing after her more vigilant foe. But it was too late—the Hettie kept the lead bravely, and came to the score as above stated.

The Sacramento Union, of Wednesday, in noticing the start of these vessels, says that the river skippers there feel considerable interest in the result of the contest. For this reason we have given the facts connected with it as correctly as we could obtain them.—*Ibid.*

SAILING MATCH IN HALIFAX, N. S.—The return match between the Firefly and the Darling came off on Monday, 21st. The course was from the Pyramus round the Mars Rock Buoy, and back. The wind, from N., was generally light, freshening occasionally for a few minutes. At the start Firefly took the lead by a few yards, and had the advantage by a little during the whole of the race to the Buoy, but by so little that on rounding the Buoy, the jib-boom of Darling only just cleared the main boom of the Firefly. The struggle then commenced in earnest—a dead beat and against a strong tide from Mars Buoy to the old Pyramus. Both boats were in a few minutes stripped of gaff top sails, flying jibs and all top hamper, and went to work in true 'Mudian style under plain mainsail and jib. The Darling almost immediately took the lead, and steadily increased her distance from the Firefly, until off Darmouth, the wind changing, Firefly appeared to regain some of her lost ground. The Darling, however, worked up and passing the winning post laid-to for her opponent, who arrived in about 13 minutes. The boats were both well handled, and the race was altogether a very pretty one. We understand the owner of the Firefly, Hon. E. L. Cochrane, has challenged another boat of the Yacht Club to race at an early day for heavy stakes.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.—The committee of the Wisconsin State Fair offer five premiums of watches and jewelry, for the best display of female equestrianism.

CRICKET.

KEYSTONE VS. OLYMPIAN.—This interesting and exciting match was played on the ground of the Philadelphia Club in Camden, New Jersey, on Monday and Thursday afternoons, 28th ult., and 1st inst., resulting in the defeat of the former, by one innings and sixty-six runs. The Keystone having won the toss took the field, and the Olympians opened play by sending Clay and Boller to the wickets. Boller after having by some excellent play scored eleven, was held at long-leg by Bingham, a beautiful catch, from a well-intended hit. De Courcey who was the next in, scored eight by three two's and two singles. Morgan followed, and made a stand for about an hour, when Clay was bowled by Hanson for thirty-four runs; by seven two's and twenty singles. Outerbridge filled the vacancy, but had not been in long, when he was deprived of the company of Morgan who was bowled by Aiken, after a well-played innings for thirty-eight runs. His score consisted of two three's, one, a beautiful drive to long-field-on, nine two's and fourteen singles. Hunt took his place and batted well for seventeen, one three, four two's, and six singles. Outerbridge was then bowled by C. Waterman for twenty-one runs, consisting of five two's, and eleven singles. He was followed by Moore, who hit his wicket down, after he had made one run. Massey and Feltwell increased the score considerably, the former scoring ten by singles; the latter eighteen, by five two's and eight singles. White and Carpenter having scored cyphers, the score, including ten wides, and eleven byes, amounted to one hundred and eighty-one. The Keystone then sent in their men, C. Waterman and Fenimore being the first. Fenimore was soon run out for one, and Waterman was well bowled and caught by Hunt, for a similar score. Staley and Farquhar only increased the score to four runs, when Creely and Hanson got together. The "standing batting" of Hanson was troublesome to the bowlers, who did not succeed in separating them that afternoon, as it soon became too dark to play. Play was resumed on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. Creely was run out, having made sixteen, and was followed by Collis who was caught by Feltwell at mid-on for three. Hanson scored eleven, including one three, and two two's. The remaining four wickets having added but few to the score, the innings closed for sixty-three runs, one hundred and eighteen runs behind their opponents. They therefore followed their innings, and sent in Waterman and Collis, the latter was beautifully caught by Boller at point, for a cypher. Waterman and Bingham were each disposed of by Hunt, the former for seven, the latter for four. Creely increased the score eight by four two hits. Hanson, fifteen, consisting of five two's and five singles. May's eight was the largest score afterwards, and the innings closed for fifty-two, thus leaving the Olympian's victors in one innings by sixty-six runs. The batting of Messrs. Morgan, Clay, and Outerbridge, of the Olympian, and Creely and Hanson was very good. The round-arm bowling of A. Waterman, Hunt, left-handed, and Boller, was capital, with the underhand of Massey and C. Waterman. Subjoined is the score:

OLYMPIAN—First Innings.

1. Clay c Hanson	34	8. Massey b A. Waterman	10
2. Boller c Bingham b Fryer	11	9. Feltwell b A. Waterman	18
3. De Courcy b Hanson	8	10. White b A. Waterman	0
4. Morgan b Eakin	38	11. Carpenter not out	0
5. Outerbridge b C. Waterman	21	Byes 11, leg byes 2, wides 10	23
6. Hunt c Fryer b Eakin	17		
7. Moore hit wic. b Waterman	1	Total	181

KEYSTONE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. C. Waterman c and b Hunt	1	l b w b Massey	1
2. Fenimore run out	1	l b w b Massey	1
3. Staley b Boller	1	b Massey	0
4. Hanson b Hunt	11	b Hunt	15
5. Farquhar c Boller b Hunt	3	c Boller b Massey	0
6. Creely run out	16	b Morgan	8
7. Collis c Feltwell b Boller	3	c Boller b Hunt	0
8. A. Waterman not out	2	b Hunt	7
9. Fryer b Boller	1	b Hunt	2
10. Bingham c Boller b Hunt	0	b Hunt	4
11. May c and b Hunt	0	not out	8
Byes 4, wides 20	24	Wides 5, no ball 1	6
Total	63	Total	52

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

OLYMPIAN.—First Innings.

Bowlers.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Hunt	147	27	13	5	10
Boller	132	12	13	3	10
DeCourcy	12	0	2	0	0

Second Innings.

Hunt	72	11	4	5	3
Boller	66	12	5	0	0
Morgan	30	14	0	1	0
Clay	30	4	2	0	2
Massey	20	5	2	4	0

KEYSTONE.—First Innings.

A. Waterman	175	60	7	3	3
Hanson	84	33	3	2	0
Fryer	24	17	0	1	0
Creeley	30	11	2	0	5
Fenimore	6	1	0	0	2
Eakin	86	15	1	2	0
C. Waterman	36	8	4	2	0
Brigham	6	7	0	0	0
Farquhar	6	5	0	0	0

BOSTON VS. LOWELL.—The Agricultural Grounds, Lowell, Mass., was the scene of an excellent cricket match, played by the above named clubs on Thursday, the 30th ult. As it was arranged to be but one day's play only, victory was awarded to the Bostonians, they having scored 90 to Lowell's 78, in the first innings. If the match had been played out it is probable that the victory would have been in favor of the opposite party, as they show a total of 33 with only 4 wickets down, to the Bostonians 52, all told, in their second innings; however, such is the fortune of war. As it is, we are pleased to observe that the "star in the East" is in the ascendant. Annexed is the score:

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings	
1. Doherty l b w b Tetley	3	l b w b Schofield	0
2. Kilner, Jr., run out	15	run out	2
3. Lumb l b w b Schofield	6	c C. Salmon b Schofield	0
4. Ir. Cauty b Tetley	16	c Hobson b Tetley	4
5. Draper c Bradley b Schofield	4	not out	9
6. J. D. Reid run out	5	b Tetley	3
7. Garrett c McNally b Schofield	0	c Crafts b Towler	7
8. Filmer run out	6	c Crafts b Towler	0
9. Roddick b Tetley	10	l b w b Tetley	2
10. Colter not out	7	b Schofield	7
11. Brown b Tetley	1	st Reid b Schofield	0
Byes 7, leg bye 1, wides 9	17	Byes 7, leg byes 3, wides 8	18
Total	90	Total	52

LOWELL.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Towler l b w b Garrett	9	c Cauty b Draper	2
2. Crafts b Garrett	0	c Garrett b Draper	0
3. Perkins st Cauty b Draper	3	not out	8
4. Tetley c Roddick b Cauty	16	not out	14
5. Jos. Reid c Filmer b Garrett	23	b Garrett	5
6. McNally c Lumb b Garrett	10		
7. Schofield b Garrett	0	b Garrett	2
8. Dr. Bradley run out	3		
9. F. Salmon b Garrett	0		
10. Hobson c Cauty b Draper	2		
11. C. Salmon not out	1		
Byes 3, leg byes 3, wides 5	11	Leg bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	78	Total	33

ESSEX OF NEWARK VS. NEW DURHAM.—The return match between these two young clubs came off on Monday, the 28th ult., at East Newark.

The New Durhamites took the bat in the first innings for 90 and the second for 81 runs: footed up a tolerable decent total of 171, mainly contributed by G. and C. Rogers, John Seeley, Van Clief, Job Seeley, and George Seeley.

The Essex men were not so fortunate, as at the end of their first innings 47 runs only was placed to their credit, and at the close of their game (which ended at sundown by drawing the stumps,) nine men were "hors de combat" for 11 runs, which with 5 byes and 7 wides, gave a total for the second innings of 23. There is little doubt but a few more overs would have finished the game without very materially adding to the above score, and thus have given a very signal victory to the Neophytes, as it was the Essex men, through their Secretary, Mr. Hunter, surrendered the ball with very good grace, considering all things. The great room for improvement noticed in the fielding of the New Durham club, and which was the main cause of their loosing their last match with the Essex exists no longer to the same degree; their fielding on the above day may be said to be very excellent indeed for so young a club, and the wicket keeping of Hazzard deserves special notice, and Williams at back-stop was also well up to the mark; altogether New Durham may be considered progressing. The following is the score:

NEW DURHAM.

First Innings.		Second Innings	
1. Conrad b Sims	2	b Dark	3
2. Van Cleif b J. Hattersly	8	c and b Dark	4
3. C. Rogers b Sims	0	b Sims	31
4. G. Rogers run out	23	c Sims b Dark	0
5. Currie b J. Hattersly	7	b Dark	3
6. John Seeley not out	20	c Hattersly b Sims	16
7. Job Seeley b Sims	9	b Sims	2
8. Hazzard c and b Hattersly	4	b Sims	0
9. George Seeley b Sims	0	b Sims	7
10. Williams c Bellamy b Sims	4	run out	4
11. Morris run out	0	not out	4
Byes 7, wides 6	13	Byes 6, wide 1	7
Total	90	Total	81

ESSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. W. Hattersly c G. Rogers b C. Rogers	0	c G. Rogers b C. Rogers	2
2. Bellamy c Hazzard b C. Rogers	14	run out	4
3. J. Hattersly b Job Seeley	6	b C. Rogers	0
4. Sims run out	14	b Job Seeley	0
5. Robinson c John Seeley b Job Seeley	2	c Conrad b Job Seeley	1
6. Dark l b w b Job Seeley	1	l b w b Hazzard	0
7. H. Hunter c G. Rogers b C. Rogers	2	st Hazzard	0
8. A. Hunter c Conrad b Job Seeley	4	b C. Rogers	1
9. Green not out	0	not out	1
10. Smith b Job Seeley	0		
11. Dodge b C. Rogers	1	not out	2
Bye 1, wides 2	3	Byes 5, wides 7	12
Total	47	Total	23

GERMANTOWN VS. UNITED OF BEVERLY.—An exciting match was played by these two clubs at Germantown, Pa., on Saturday, the 3d inst., in which the former were victors by one innings and 25 runs. Ashdown and Ashton played prettily for their scores, on the Beverly side, while Bernardo and Wister surpassed themselves in the use of the willow in their contributions to the Germantown score. The following is the score of the match:—

BEVERLY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Ashton b Mehl	7	b Tucker	17
2. J. Parezo b Tucker	4	c Massey b Newhall	1
3. Bowers b Mehl	0	b Tucker	3
4. Ashdown c Newhall b Mehl	16	b Mehl	3
5. Hutchinson run out	0	l b w b Tucker	1
6. Pearson b Tucker	0	hit wicket b Mehl	2
7. E. Parezo b Mehl	1	b Tucker	4
8. Good b Mehl	0	b Mehl	1
9. F. Parezo c Bernardo b Mehl	1	b Mehl	6
10. Hill b Tucker	0	c Davis b Mehl	3
11. Canning not out	0	not out	0
Leg bye	1	Byes 3, wides 2	5
Total	30	Total	46

GERMANTOWN—First Innings.

1. Bayard b Ashdown	4	8. Fisher l b w b Ashton	6
2. Bernardo b Ashdown	29	9. Massey b Ashdown	11
3. Pepper b Ashdown	3	10. Mehl c E. Parezo b Ashton	4
4. Tucker b Ashton	1	11. Potter not out	1
5. Newhall b Ashdown	4	Byes 16, leg byes 4, wides 2	22
6. A. Wister b Ashton	14		
7. Davis b Ashton	1	Total	100

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—Our cricketing friends will be pleased to learn that their favorite pastime is being patronized and followed up in the modern El Dorado with a zeal equal to their own, or its most ardent admirers in England or Ireland. We are pleased to notice that the citizens of that State are slacking up in their inordinate haste after the almighty dollar, and are paying more attention to those pursuits, which will improve them in health, which is in itself an invaluable blessing. A little more time given to healthful exercises out of doors, and a little less confinement will be found to aid materially in throwing off the "ills that flesh is heir to," and, as friend Burton says, will in most instances be found "to pay." Great improvement is manifest in the scores of our California brethren in arms, and we perceive that our old friends, Blackburn and Groom, both well known players in this section, are not by any means the smallest guns among them. The fielding and bowling in this match appear to have been of the closest description, and the batting shows a corresponding excellence. The following score, which we copy from the California Spirit of the Times, will be read with interest:—

UNION—First Innings.

1. Anderson b Boyce	10	8. Riley c Blackburn b Boyce	0
2. Dunn c Groom b Boyce	19	9. White c Knox b Groom	15
3. Hawson b Groom	33	10. Rice b Groom	4
4. Kerrigan run out	35	11. Carroll not out	7
5. Willock c Knox b Groom	3	Byes 15, wide 1	16
6. Weaver b Groom	15		
7. Gilroy b Stead	13	Total	170

PIONEER.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Groom c and b Kerrigan	36	c Willock b Kerrigan	1
2. Healy c Anderson b Willock	6	b Kerrigan	7
3. Blackburn b Kerrigan	0	run out	0
4. Knox b Willock	3	b Kerrigan	3
5. Stead b Kerrigan	0	not out	17
6. Dayes l b w b Willock	0	Blackburn c Willock b Kerrigan	14
7. Corbett c Kerrigan b Willock	0	b Kerrigan	0
8. Foley c Weaver b Kerrigan	11	b Kerrigan	0
9. Boyce b Kerrigan	20	b Kerrigan	2
10. Ford not out	0	handled ball	0
11. Smith b Kerrigan	0	b Willock	0
Byes 8, wide 1	9	Byes	13
Total	85	Total	57

CRESCENT VS. PENNSYLVANIA.—This match came off at Germantown on Saturday the 3d inst., the latter gaining the victory with one wicket to spare. The batting on both sides was good, especially that of the Pennsylvania, considering they had two of the Young America First Eleven bowlers against them. Annexed is the score:

CRESCENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Scott run out	0	b Edwards	0
2. J. McElroy c Fanshaw b Edwards	5	run out	0
3. D. McElroy b Fanshaw	2	b Edwards	3
4. H. Newhall b Edwards	4	not out	30
5. C. Newhall run out	8	b Fanshaw	0
6. G. Newhall c Warnock b Knox	2	b Fanshaw	9
7. G. McElroy c and b Warnock	4	run out	0
8. Lea b Schafer	0	b Fanshaw	0
9. Barnes not out	2	c Edwards b Firth	0
10. Howe run out	3	b Fanshaw	0
11. Bacon b Edwards	0	b Fanshaw	2
Wides 4, byes 10, no ball 1	15	Byes	4
Total	45	Total	48

PENNSYLVANIA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1. Warnock b H. Newhall	9	b H. Newhall	10
2. Ward b D. McElroy	0	run out	0
3. Knox c G. Newhall b H. Newhall	7	b H. Newhall	2
4. Fanshaw c H. Newhall b G. Newhall	6	not out	8
5. Firth b H. Newhall	0	b D. McElroy	0
6. Schafer b Scott	1	c G. Newhall b D. McElroy	0
7. Edwards b H. Newhall	6	run out	9
8. Heap not out	10	b D. McElroy	0
9. Graffe b D. McElroy	0	b H. Newhall	5
10. Gummy c Howe b D. McElroy	0	c G. Newhall b H. Newhall	2
11. Wellsford c G. McElroy b D. McElroy	0	not out	0
Wides 2, no balls 2	4	Wides 2, byes 5	7
Leg bye 1, byes 6	7	No ball	1
Total	53	Total	44

CRICKET.—THE "NO BALL" QUESTION.—*Mr. Editor:* In your issue of September 26th, you answer the question of "An Observer" in a manner which I think you will reverse when you are made more fully acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

I have no objection to offer to the way "Obeserver" puts the question. I am only sorry that he has gone so far, *stopped so short.* He leaves you (I have no doubt unintentionally) under the impression that the batsman *was not given out.* The batsman *was* given out, and the reason why the umpire no balled the bowler was, that he (the bowler) while in the act of delivering the ball, overstepped the bowling crease.

It is clearly (I'll take the liberty to suppose) the duty of the umpire to cry no ball, the moment the bowler goes beyond his prescribed limits.

There is no law which makes it absolute that the umpire should *see* the ball *fairly* out of the bowler's hand before he cries, *no ball.*

It was impossible for the *umpire* to know what grand scheme may have been fructifying in the hidden depths of the bowler's cranium, to annihilate the inexperienced and unsuspecting batsman; therefore, he, in duty bound, gave "no ball" when he saw the rule regulating such matters infringed.

The question then, I take it, is this: Is the club having the innings entitled to the *no ball* given by the umpire under such a circumstance? If so, the *slight* but *just* hint regarding the ability of umpires may not here apply.

Yours, CONRAD.

[It is a source of pleasure to us to notice the avidity with which our decisions in reference to points or questions in this game are taken up and criticised, as it is evidence that there is a growing desire that the laws of the game shall be properly defined. It is for this reason that we give place to the above communication. We are afraid that this correspondent has not thoroughly read the laws, or else he would have omitted his *supposition,* "that it was clearly the duty of the umpire to cry 'no ball' the moment the bowler goes beyond his prescribed limits." It is evident that a ball cannot be called one of any kind, either a "no ball," or a "wide ball" until it shall have been delivered, as the forty-fifth rule clearly establishes. It reads thus: "The Umpire must take especial care to call 'no ball' instantly upon delivery;" not before delivery, for up to that time it is not a ball at all, consequently we consider that the run for the "no ball" in the case in question was erroneously given through the ignorance of the umpire.]

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL.

ASHLAND VS. EXCELSIOR.—The return match between the first nines of the Ashland and the Excelsior (Brooklyn, E. D) Base Ball Clubs, was played at Hoboken, on Saturday, Oct. 3d, and ended in the defeat of the Excelsior. But five innings were had, owing to the darkness. The following will show the score made by each party:

ASHLAND CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	EXCELSIOR CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Smith, pitcher	2		2	F. Cowperthwaite, c	1		2
Conner, catcher	2		1	Burr, field	2		1
Robertson, field	2		1	B. Cowperthwaite, 3d b.	1		1
Mimne, 1st base	0		3	Thomas, 2d base	2		1
Saunders, 2d base	2		1	Kellenger, 1st base	3		0
Mullen, field	1		2	Sanford, short	2		1
Sherwood, short	1		2	Caufield, pitcher	2		1
Moore, field	3		0	Shippey, field	2		0
Grierson, 2d base	2		1	Colt, field	0		2
Total	13			Total	9		

The following will show the runs made each inning:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	Total.
Ashland	4	1	4	3	1	13
Excelsior	2	3	0	4	0	9

Umpire for the Excelsior Club, Floyd Garue.
" " Ashland Club, Geo. Ludlow.
Referee, Mr. Johnson, of the Gotham Club.

CHAMPION VS. EXCELSIOR.—The Champion Club of Yorkville, and the Excelsior Club of New York, played a match game of Base Ball on the 24th ult., on the grounds of the latter Club, at Green Point. Only six innings were played, on account of the lateness of the hour. The following is the score:

CHAMPION CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	EXCELSIOR CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
W. J. Kelley, catcher	0		5	Squires, catcher	3		2
Goldie, 1st base	2		4	Johnson, pitcher	1		4
Slatery, pitcher	2		3	Dunn, 1st base	4		1
H. C. Kelley, 2d base	2		3	Snow, 2d base	1		3
Rowe, short	2		3	Grum, 3d base	1		4
Glover, 3d base	3		2	Orr, field	2		2
Arnold, field	2		2	Heyniger, field	1		3
Brown, field	3		2	Grey, field	3		1
Dunphy, field	2		3	Ormsbee, short	2		2
Total runs	27			Total runs	22		

Umpire for the Champion Club, W. F. Hudson, of the Metropolitan Club.
" " Excelsior Club, John Grum, of the Eckford Club.
Referee, F. W. Gilley, of the Free Academy Club.

CHAMPION VS. WARREN.—A match was played between the Champion Club and the Warren Club, of Brooklyn, on the 26th ult., at Harlem, with the following result:

CHAMPION CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	WARREN CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
W. J. Kelley, catcher	4		2	Fletcher, 2d base	6		0
Goldie, 1st base	3		3	Kelsey, catcher	2		3
Slatery, field	3		3	McGlinn, field	3		3
Glover, field	5		1	Wornsby, 2d base	3		3
Rowe, 3d base	3		2	Cyphers, 1st base	5		1
H. C. Kelley, 2d base	3		2	Fritz, pitcher	2		3
Arnold, field	2		2	Ellis, field	2		2
Brown, short	2		3	Darby, field	1		4
Godwin, pitcher	2		3	McAllister, short	3		1
Total runs	21			Total runs	20		

Umpire for the Champion Club, W. Hudson.
" " Warren Club, Mr. ——.
Referee, F. W. Gilley, of the Free Academy Club.
The only home run made during the game, was by Wm. J. Kelley, of the Champion Club.

CONTINENTAL VS. NASSAU.—These two Clubs gave each other a friendly turn at the bases on Wheathill, on Wednesday, 30th ult. After a closely contested game the score stood as follows:

CONTINENTAL CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	NASSAU CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Kelly, pitcher	2		6	S. Homan, 1st base	1		5
Masten, catcher	2		6	D. Homan, 2d base	1		5
J. F. Law, 3d base	2		6	Sturges, 3d base	5		1
Ryno, 1st base	1		6	Chapman, catcher	1		5
Briggs, 2d base	2		4	Valkenburgh, pitcher	2		3
Berry, field	2		5	Hevick, field	3		3
J. Law, Jr., field	4		3	Combes, field	2		4
Total runs	36			Total runs	26		

Umpire for the Continental Club, A. Beardsly.
" " Nassau Club, T. Haviland.
Referee, Mr. McKinstry, of the Putnam Club.

ALERT VS. UNION.—The setting sun compelled these two Clubs to suspend operations on Saturday, 26th ult., in their match at South Brooklyn, before its completion, at which time the score stood as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6
Alert	8	6	2	10	5	19
Union	3	1	1	0	3	4

ALERT CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	UNION CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Atkins, 3d base	2		6	Lanman, catcher	3		1
S. Patchen, catcher	2		5	Kissam, pitcher	1		3
Fenn, 1st base	2		6	Cowing, 1st base	2		2
J. Patchen, pitcher	4		4	Holmes, 2d base	2		1
Brainard, field	1		6	Congdon, 3d base	2		1
Morris, field	2		5	Blake, field	2		1
Hazard, short	2		5	Peel, short	2		1
Browne, field	1		6	Holt, field	2		1
Hannahs, 2d base	2		5	McCready, field	2		1
Total runs	48			Total runs	12		

Umpire for the Alert Club, G. P. Low.
" " Union Club, J. Spann.
Referee, Mr. D. A. Bokee, Jr.

OSCEOLA VS. ORIENTAL.—The former club of the Western and the latter of the Eastern District, Brooklyn, tested each others capabilities on Wednesday, 30th ult., on the grounds of the Osceola Club. Eight innings only were played, the conclusion of which left the score in the following condition:

OSCEOLA CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	ORIENTAL CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Smith, Jr., pitcher	4		3	Bartlett, catcher	5		1
J. Smith, catcher	2		4	Pratt, pitcher	1		4
Maxon, 1st base	2		4	Hedges, 1st base	1		3
Tomes, 2d base	4		3	Clocke, 2d base	1		3
Beebe, 3d base	1		5	Robbins, 3d base	3		1
Simonson, short	1		3	Turner, field	5		0
Penin, field	6		0	Witt, short	4		1
Chandler, field	2		4	Gregory, field	1		3
Solomon, field	2		4	Hyde, field	3		2
Total runs	50			Total runs	18		

CONTINENTAL VS. ATLANTIC.—A close contested match indeed was played at Wheathill, Brooklyn, on Friday, 2d inst., neither party being enabled to claim the victory, as the result was a tie. The score:

CONTINENTAL CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	ATLANTIC CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Oliver, field	4		3	M. O'Brien, pitcher	4		3
Durkee, field	2		4	Price, 1st base	2		5
Kelly, pitcher	1		6	McMan, field	2		5
Maston, catcher	4		3	Borum, catcher	3		4
Ryno, short	2		5	P. O'Brien, field	3		4
Knapp, 2d base	2		4	Pierce, field	3		3
N. Law, field	2		4	Dayton, 2d base	4		2
Brown, 3d base	3		3	Hamilton, field	1		4
Walton, 1st base	4		2	Babcock, 3d base	2		4
Total runs	34			Total runs	34		

Umpire for the Continental Club, J. F. Law.
" " Atlantic Club, C. Sniffin.
Referee, Mr. Gelston, of the Eagle Club.

CLINTON VS. EUREKA.—An excellent and much enjoyed game was played by these two clubs at Hoboken, on Saturday, 26th ult., which was won by the former by 44 runs. The score was as follows:

EUREKA CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	CLINTON CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
West, 2d base	3		2	McCollough, catcher	2		8
Barke, pitcher	5		0	Jessup, pitcher	4		6
Grey, field	3		1	Reed, 3d base	1		5
Stevens, short	2		2	Hall, 1st base	6		3
Wardell, 1st base	4		0	Grady, 2d base	3		5
Weeks, field	3		1	Geager, field	4		6
Capel, catcher	3		0	Garrison, field	1		7
Davis, 3d base	2		1	Kerr, short	4		5
Wallace, field	2		1	Woods, field	2		7
Total runs	8			Total runs	52		

Umpire for the Eureka Club, Mr. Girvin.
" " Clinton Club, Mr. Vandewerken.
Referee, Mr. Wm. H. Cohn, of the Union Club.

EMPIRE VS. EAGLE.—The return match between these two crack Clubs took place at Hoboken, on Wednesday, 30th ult. The fraternity and connoisseurs in the game turned out to witness it *en masse*, and well were they repaid for their trouble, as it proved to be one of the most scientific games played this season. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Eagle	3	2	3	2	3	3	1	2	
Empire	0	4	2	2	0	0	7	4	4

EMPIRE CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	EAGLE CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Leavy, 1st base	4		1	Wandell, field	3		3
Miller, 2d base	5		1	Smith, short	6		0
Smith, short	3		3	Houseman, 2d base	3		3
Thorn, pitcher	1		4	Yates, field	1		4
Goff, catcher	2		3	Williams, field	1		5
Moore, field	2		4	Bixby, pitcher	3		1
Benson, field	5		1	Gelston, catcher	3		2
Hoyt, field	3		3	Winslow, 1st base	3		2
Ward, 3d base	2		3	Place, 2d base	4		1
Total runs	23			Total runs	21		

Umpire for the Empire Club, James Cameron.
" " Eagle Club, John W. Mott.
Referee, Dr. Adams, of the Knickerbocker Club.

LONE STAR AND ALERT.—The return match between the "Lone Star" and "Alert" Base Ball Clubs, of Jersey City, came off on Saturday afternoon, September 26th, and resulted in a good victory for the former. The score was as follows:

LONE STAR.	H.	L.	RUNS.	ALERT.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Crammer, field	4		4	Johnson, pitcher	2		4
Dingles, 1st base	4		2	Hancox, 3d base	4		3
Warren, short stop	5		3	Hamilton, short field	3		4
Mackey, catcher	3		5	Witherell, 1st base	2		5
Gough, pitcher	0		6	Demarest, catcher	0		6
Wood, field	2		6	Conrad, field	3		3
McLeod, 2d base	4		4	Driswald, field	3		3
Young, field	2		6	Kline, field	4		2
Williams, 3d base	2		5	Jacob, 2d base	2		4
Total runs	41			Total runs	34		

After the conclusion of the game, the Alerts and their friends partook of a "neat" repast, at the invitation of their friends of the Star.

ENTERPRISE VS. YOUNG AMERICA.—Brooklyn, Oct. 5th, 1857.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* A very closely contested match was played on Saturday, 3d inst., between the Young America Club, of Harlem, and that *plucky* young club, the Enterprise, of Bedford, L. I. The Enterprise played well, and brought all the skill and lessons their teachers, the Atlantics, had given them, to bear against the superior playing of their adversaries. There was not a large crowd of spectators, but it was a quiet, yet desperate game, for the Enterprise had a reputation as yet this year untarnished by defeat, which they would not lose without a hard struggle. The odds were against them in the first part of the game, but they gained slowly but surely, and at the close made a mighty effort for victory, and got it. The Young Americas took their defeat well, and they may well be satisfied, for it is no disgrace to be defeated by their match.

We cannot mention the playing of any one in particular, for all played as if for life and death. When the return match comes off, "may we be there to see," for there will be better playing on both sides, since they *know their men* in each club. The following is the score:

ENTERPRISE.	H.	L.	RUNS.	YOUNG AMERICA.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Webber, 2d base	4		1	Eells, catcher	3		2
Dayton, catcher	1		4	Welsh, pitcher	2		1
S. C. Smith, field	2		3	McKellar, 1st base	5		0
Weddle, pitcher	2		3	Hudson, 2d base	2		3
England, 3d base	5		0	Van Cott, 3d base	1		3
C. J. Smith, 1st base	2		2	Scott, short stop	1		3
Maxfield, field	2		2	Gilsey, field	2		2
Cornwell, short stop	1		3	Ketchum field	3		1
Davis, field	2		1	Sanger, field	2		1
Total runs	19			Total runs	16		

Umpire for the Enterprise, A. J. Dayton, Esq., of Atlantic Club.
" " Young America, Godwin, Esq., of Champion Club.
Referee, Liscomb, Esq., of Harlem Club.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Enterprise	1	2	2	7	0	6	1	19
Young America	3	2	3	5	1	2	0	16

A LADY THAT DIDN'T PLAY WHIST.

A LADY who had not received a very liberal education, or rather who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite society of making amends for the want of early instruction, was frequently guilty of vulgarism of expression, which did not always pass unnoticed. She was invited to join a large party, and cards being introduced, she was asked to make one in a rubber at whist. She answered, with a curtesy, that she never played VISK. She had indeed played VONCE, but they VON

SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life in London, Sept. 27, 1857.

EXCITING MILL

Between Nat Langham and Ben Caunt,

FOR FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.

Tuesday, September 22, 1857.

Tuesday last, as our readers know, was the day appointed for deciding the differences which had unfortunately arisen between these formerly constant companions and warm friends. The match from the first was deemed so extraordinary, not only from the great disparity in the size of the men, but also from the supposed irreparable state of Nat's constitution, that the public generally looked upon it with suspicion, and, up to the time of the last deposit, the cry was almost universal among the sporting circles that it would never come to a fight. So strong, indeed, was this impression on the minds of many people, including some of the most influential supporters of the P. R., that the whole affair was pooh-poohed, and at least nine-tenths of the Corinthian world absented themselves altogether from the houses where deposits were made, and also from the fight itself, and great indeed must have been their disappointment, not to say disgust, at their own suspicions on learning that the men had actually met and fought a battle, which was certainly as well worth seeing as almost any of the modern battles between big men.

Those with whom we entered into conversation on the subject appeared to entertain but two opinions on the matter, either the men would be locked up and held to bail, or it would be a pulling and hauling business in which Caunt would hug his man and hang upon him at the ropes, and so overwhelm him by his enormous superiority in pure flesh and bone, science being out of the question. At one time, indeed, so catching is suspicion, we began to participate in the general distrust, and actually had our fears that we should hear of a domiciliery visit having been paid to each man by Sir Richard Mayne or some of his minor satellites; and it was with feelings of satisfaction we learned, at the eleventh hour, that due precautions had been taken on either side, and that both men were in excellent health and spirits and eager for business. They did not show on Monday night at Tom Paddock's benefit, which we were glad to hear was a bumper, and in this they were perfectly justified. Both, however, were in town, Nat taking up his quarters with a friend in Long-acre, and Ben at Cambridge Heath, so as to be well out of reach of danger.

The means of conveyance had been agreed upon by Dan Dismore on the part of Nat Langham, and Jemmy Shaw and Ben Butler on the part of Ben Caunt, and these agents on Thursday week at our office agreed to hire two steamboats between them, one for first and the other for second-class passengers. It was also arranged that the boats should rendezvous at Tilbury, and that the men and their friends should proceed to the same place by the 7:50 a.m. train on the eventful morning. In the course of Monday, however, it seems that suspicion arose (unfounded as it turned out) in the minds of Nat's friends that it would be unsafe to start from Tilbury, and they telegraphed to the owner of the boats to change the venue and muster at Southend. They did not seem to think it necessary to communicate with Caunt or his uncle, concluding of course that they would be at the London terminus at the time arranged, and that then everything could be settled. At the time appointed Ben Butler and Young Ben (Caunt's son) were at Fenchurch-street, but Caunt did not show, and we thought of course he had adopted some other means of conveyance. At Tilbury, however, Uncle Ben and Jemmy Shaw came to us, and said that Caunt expected the boat at Tilbury, and had not heard of any alteration. Here again our suspicions arose that some casualty had happened, and that there would be no fight. Ben's friends could give no reason for his not being at the appointed station in the morning, and all seemed quite nonplussed. To add to other difficulties there were no signs of Fred. Oliver and the ropes and stakes, although he had been distinctly told by us on Friday at what time the expedition was to leave London. This state of things cast a gloom on the travellers, many of whom had serious thoughts of returning to town. On persuasion, however, they made up their minds to "see it out," and as the train could not be stopped, all resumed their seats and sped on to Southend, hoping to find Caunt there, or, at any rate, to hear some tidings of him.

On reaching this spot all at once made their way to the pier-head, but not a word could be heard of the ex-champion or of the ropes and stakes. Butler at once went on board one boat (that reserved for first-class passengers,) while Dan Dismore remained on the pier to sell tickets for the journey. Several boat loads of persons, including the few Corinthians present, on obtaining tickets, at once proceeded to the privileged vessel; but here was found Mr. Ben Butler enacting the character of Cerberus, and inexorably refusing admission to any person who did not pay him an extra sovereign. In vain did every one assure him and his assistants that they had paid Dismore—who we testified was one of the hirers of the boats, and was also a man who could be trusted to do what was right on such an occasion. In vain did they offer to pay again should it turn out that they were wrong. No; they should not come on board without paying at once; and Mr. Butler was not content with this, but expressed his belief that Dan Dismore meant sticking to the money he had received, and loaded all parties with coarse and filthy abuse, and conducting himself generally in a manner to earn for himself a most unenviable notoriety for the future. All now repaired on board the second-class boat, where Nat was found installed, waiting impatiently for the appearance of Caunt, of whom nothing could be heard. Dan Dismore also came on board this vessel, and he had further remarks to make upon the civility (?) of the worthy old gentleman whom Ben had, unfortunately for himself and all parties, appointed as his deputy.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock, and all began anxiously to look for the half-hour, at which time the next train was due at Southend, by which it was, of course, expected that Ben would come. Half-past twelve, one o'clock arrived, the train had been in some time, but still there was no appearance of Ben on the pier. At length an emissary was sent ashore, and he ascertained that Caunt and the ropes and stakes had been embarked on board an opposition tug, singularly enough called the Ben Bolt, at Tilbury, and that they were on the way to join the flotilla as quickly as possible. It was two o'clock or nearly so before Ben Bolt hove in sight, with Ben Caunt on board, and on his gaining the vessel in which his uncle up to this time had remained almost *solus*, Ben went on board, and then there was a long discussion as to the payment for the hire of the boats, which even up to this time had by some extraordinary mismanagement been omitted. Butler again resorted to unparliamentary language, hinting that Dismore had received all the money from passengers, and did not intend to come to a just settlement. Caunt, however, acted in a very different spirit. He came to us in the quietest manner, and said he had been misled as to the time of starting, and also as to the alteration of the rendezvous, and had some difficulty in getting down at all. He had come, however, with the intention of fighting, and he was content to leave everything to us. He did not wish to asperse any one's character, and was quite content to take Dismore's word as to the amount he received from the passengers. This was speaking like a man, and the question was quickly set at rest. Dan boarded Caunt's ship, they dived into the cabin, and the business was settled in a "brace of shakes."

We have alluded to all this otherwise uninteresting discussion, partly for the purpose of reminding Ben Butler that a civil tongue makes more friends than enemies, and partly to enter our protest against such a general hodge-podge of mismanagement and misunderstanding, from first to last, being allowed again to occur. As will be seen in the sequel, it was the means of preventing a satisfactory termination to the battle, and also led to a good deal of angry discussion and further misunderstanding, which even one hour's earlier start would, in all probability, have entirely obviated. Who was most to blame it is impossible to say. It would only have been gracious on the part of Nat's friends, to communicate with Caunt as to the alteration of the starting place, and so far some blame certainly attaches to them; but, on the other hand, it was clearly arranged at our office that all should go by the 7:50 a.m. train from Fenchurch-street, and had Caunt been in time for this train all would have been well, but whether his uncle did or did not communicate with him on this point is a question we cannot settle. As we said before it was altogether a mull, and we do hope in future that matters of this kind will be entrusted to responsible persons, and not left to cantankerous suspicious people, whose only idea appears to be that every one is trying to "best" them out of something. Caunt himself we entirely acquit of all blame in the matter.

We now take our leave of this branch of the subject, and come at once to the pith of our subject. By a quarter past two o'clock everything being settled, the office was given, and an experienced pilot conducted the flotilla, which now numbered four steamboats besides innumerable small craft, to the proposed scene of action, within a very short distance of the spot where Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones settled their differences. Against a strong ebb of course progress was very slow, and it was past three before the first vessel arrived off the point. The ropes and stakes were at once sent ashore, and Oliver with due diligence proceeded to erect the ring, but we must say we cannot compliment him upon its artistic construction or the firmness of its setting-up. Poor old Tom was sadly missed, and many expressions of regret were uttered at his continued ill health. The number of persons present was extremely large, but of Corinthians there was a lamentable absence, arising, there can be no doubt, from the before-mentioned suspicions as to the men's intentions. As soon as the arena was ready, the combatants, who were evidently all agog to be at it, tossed their caps into the ring, Nat being the first to uncover his canister, Ben being not two seconds behind him. Both looked hard and healthy, but their mugs bore very distinct traces of their being veteran boxers. Ben of course looked the older man, but his not handsome dial was as brown as mahogany, and looked as hard as a nutmeg-grater. Nat's phiz was smoother, softer, and of a lighter tint, but there was a hue of health upon it that we have not seen there for many a day. They shook hands, but it was evident that the ceremony was against the grain. As 4 o'clock was fast approaching, it was hinted that no time ought to be lost, and the men at once proceeded to accomplish their toilettes. Nat Langham was assisted by the Champion, (Tom Sayers,) and the all-accomplished Jack Macdonald—certainly the best second out—while Ben Caunt was waited upon, (we cannot say picked up, for he never once was down throughout the fight,) by Jack Gill of Nottingham and Jemmy Shaw, who, between them, could never have carried him to his corner had occasion required it, in the time allowed between the rounds, for they must inevitably have carried him a limb at a time. How he could have been persuaded to select two such assistants we are at a loss to conceive. Jack Gill cannot have had much experience in his new vocation, and Jemmy Shaw will doubtless excuse us for saying that however staunch a friend and good fellow he is in other ways, his judgment of the points in a prize battle is by no means of the A 1st class.

It was a quarter to four when preliminaries were finally settled, and the seconds then proceeded to entwine the colors round one of the stakes. These colors were blue and white spot, for Nat, and orange, with a blue border, for Ben; and here we may, perhaps, be excused for calling attention to a subject about which we have had many complaints of late. The boxers of the day, with few exceptions, have got into a habit of buying their colors on the cheap and nasty system. The silk is almost always bad, or mixed with cotton, and the pattern such as to render it utterly impossible for a gentleman to appear in it except at a mill. The consequence of this is, that men find much more difficulty than heretofore in disposing of these banners, and this simply because they are of no earthly use. If they would take our advice, they would make a slight advance upon their disbursement to their mercer, and we can assure them that they would find a much readier market for the articles to which, in the event of their winning, they look as material assistants in paying their extra expenses.

The betting on the ground was trifling in the extreme. Nothing was laid between the men, and the small sums staked between other persons were at five and six to four on Caunt.

As it is now twelve years since Caunt last appeared in the P. R., and as Langham has also been some time on the shelf, we doubt not that many of our readers have forgotten, and still more have never read an account of their former doings. We therefore offer no excuse for now laying before them a brief retrospect of the several encounters in which they have been engaged.

Ben Caunt was born March 22d, 1815, near Nottingham, his height is 6ft 2¼in, and his weight 14st 7lb. He commenced his fighting career on the 21st of July, 1835, by fighting Bendigo, for £25 a side, near Appleby House. 22 rounds were contested, and Bendy was declared the winner. On the 17th of August, 1837, Ben beat Dick Butler, of Hucknall, a 12st man, in 14 rounds, near Stoneyford. In the same year he fought Bamford, a man standing 6ft 4in, who was called The Maypole. Only six rounds were fought, Ben having it all his own way; but in the end a wrangle ensued, it being declared that Caunt struck his man foul, and eventually Bamford got the money. His next battle was his second with Bendigo. It was for £100 a side, and took place on Skipworth Common, Yorkshire, April 3, 1838. It was the first introduction of any one connected with our journal to either Bendy or Caunt, and from the description the whole affair must have been a scene of anything but an inviting character. The Nottingham Lambs, whose *penchant* for the Bold Bendy is well known, mustered in extraordinary force, and threatened Caunt and his friends with every kind of violence if they could not have it all their own way. Bendy adopted his usual style of hitting, dropping, and then jumping up and following his man as he went to his corner and giving him a dig, while Ben, whose scientific acquirements were never first-rate, resorted to the hugging system, and repeatedly hung upon his man at the ropes, thereby gradually exhausting his strength. Bendy's hitting was terrific, and Ben's mug received such a painting that it never got over. Eventually, as is well known, Bendigo fell without a blow in the 75th round, at the end of 80 minutes, and the referee, a Mr. Lockwood, although threatened with dire punishment, decided in favor of Caunt. Ben was instantly removed from the ring, but had to cut and run to save himself. He was first dragged out of his carriage by Bendy's friends, and then, on escaping from them and mounting a horse, was pulled down, and would have been roughly handled had not a few good men and true stuck to him and got him through the difficulty. As it was he had to walk to Selby, from whence he managed to get safely to his inn. He of course received the stakes. After this he appears to have done nothing until his fight with Brassey, on the 27th October, 1840. A fresh match, it is true, was made between him and Bendigo, which ended in a draw, and there was some sparring about a match between him and the poor old Deaf-un, which ended in smoke. The fight with Brassey took place at Six Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, and, although anything but scientific, was a rattling, exciting mill, and heavy punishment was delivered on both sides. 101 rounds were fought in 90 minutes. In the middle of the fight Brassey hit his man so heavily that Ben was all abroad, and, had Brassey steadied himself, he must have won. He was, however, too anxious, and boring in without precision, did no execution, and Ben was able to recover himself, and ultimately to administer the *coup de grace*. Brassey was a fine, powerful young fellow, about six feet high, and weighing 12st 8lb. He, like most of Ben's adversaries, adopted the get-down system, and his style is thus commented upon in *Bell's Life* of the period:—"Caunt was invariably the first to fight, but led off with nothing like precision; repeatedly missing his blows and upper-cuts, many of which, had they told, would have been terrific. Brassey seemed to be fully aware of this mode of assault, and generally waited until he got within Caunt's guard, and thus succeeded in administering heavy punishment. This point once gained, he lost no time in getting down, feeling confident that in close contact he would not have a chance to escape annihilation. This, although far from a popular mode of contest, considering the inequality of the men in height and weight, is certainly to some extent excusable, and the only surprise is that so comparatively small a man should have endured so much before he cried 'enough.' The repeated visitations to his ribs from Caunt's right mawley, or 'sledge-hammer,' were searching in the extreme, and led to the belief that three of his ribs had been broken, although subsequent examination proved that he was only laboring under the effects of severe contusions and inward bruises. In like manner the right handed deliveries behind his left ear, on the ear itself, and on the left eye and jaw—as well as the left-handed jobs—were so far from jocular, that we were not surprised the *vis comica* had ceased to be displayed on his dial; and when to these visitations are added his repeated falls, with the weight of Caunt occasionally superadded to his own, and this in such rapid succession, the only wonder is that he should have held out so long. Caunt, in his *modus operandi*, wants a knowledge of the art. Like the yokels of old, before the principles of mechanism were discovered; he has to learn the proper application of his strength; of which, did he possess the requisite knowledge, he might bid defiance not only to such a man as Brassey, but even to the caperings of an avalanche. He is not like most men of his size, slow; on the contrary, he is too quick; and for the want of judicious deliberation—like the run away steam-engine without an attentive engineer—he overshoots his mark. This, if it be possible, he ought to correct, and, while he husbands his strength, where he does apply it he should measure not only his distance but the tactics of his opponent. Had he waited for his man, instead of leading off with a rush, he must have brought Brassey down every round, for nothing could resist the force of his heavy metal, if properly applied." How far these remarks apply to the affair now in hand, will be seen in the sequel. On the 2d of February, in the year after the above mill, Ben met and fought Nick Ward, (Jem's brother), a young, powerful man, about six feet high, and weighing 12st 10lb, and one well acquainted with the theory and practice of the art he possessed. Nick, like most of Caunt's opponents, resorted to the dropping game; and in the seventh round, Ben, in a fit of passion at Nick's falling, so far forgot himself as to deliver two hot ones on the middle of the head while Nick was on his knees, and so lost the battle. Ben was not long in making a fresh match, and they met again on the 11th of May following, at Long Marsden, for £100 a side. They fought 35 rounds in 47 minutes, Nick still getting down; but ultimately he cut it, being convinced in his own mind that Ben was the better man. Caunt was now proclaimed Champion of England, and was presented with a belt at Jem Burn's.

He shortly afterwards started for America on a tour, and returned to this country in March, 1842, in company with Charles Freeman (the American giant), and it was not long afterwards that he went into business at his present hostelrie, the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's lane. He was permitted to remain unmolested for about three years, when Bendigo, who had been on the shelf for some time, owing to a fracture of his knee cap, once more came forward to dispute Ben's title to the championship, and challenged him for £200 a side and the belt. The fight took place Sept. 9, 1845, on the borders of Oxfordshire, whither the immense crowd had, with no little difficulty, been driven by Mr. Goddard, the chief constable of Northamptonshire, and it will long live in the memories of those who witnessed it as the most disorderly, ruffianly exhibition on the part of the Nottingham Lambs that ever took place. These gentry at the former battle worked hard for their pet, but on the occasion in question nothing could exceed their bullying, and from first to last Caunt never had the ghost of a chance of fair play. The referee was threatened with instant death, and was in anything but an enviable position. Bendy round after round stole upon his man and hit him heavily, falling immediately to avoid the hug, and upon his conduct on the occasion we again quote a few remarks from *Bell* of the period. "We deny, however, that Bendigo's style of assault is either fair or honorable; it is, on the contrary, treacherous, and differs widely from our notions of 'a fair stand-up fight.' It may be said that so small a man as Bendigo in opposition to a man of Caunt's superior height and weight was justified in having recourse to stratagem, and that 'all is fair in war;' this we deny; and the rules of English boxing are utterly opposed to such practices. The greatest coward that ever breathed might conquer the bravest if he is to be allowed to wait till he has a chance of administering punishment, and then throw himself down to avoid a return; and if so small a man can only compete with a bigger man upon such terms, he ought not to make a match. If he enters the ring as a British boxer he must abide by the rules of British boxing, and violating them he ought to suffer the penalty of his own conduct. That Bendigo is a brave man, a hard hitter, and possessed of good science, we readily acknowledge, and we know of no man of the same weight and age now in the field who could successfully compete with him. In his contest with Caunt, however, these qualities were dimmed by the adoption of the most objectionable tricks. Over and over again did he creep on his man with the stealthy cunning of a tiger, deliver the most smashing hits, and then drop down and laugh at the success of his tactics. By this means he punished his adversary and almost escaped punishment himself. Is this conduct that Jem Ward, the late Champion of England, and the most accomplished boxer of the age, can approve or defend? We answer without hesitation, No. We have seen him over and over again at the scratch, and never saw him guilty of an act which was not consistent with fair and manly bearing; but without going to the top of the tree, we would ask any of the men who, like Jem Ward, have distinguished themselves for their manly bearing in the Ring, whether such conduct is characteristic of fair fighting? The answer we are persuaded, would be to the same effect. The case would be different if a man of superior size and bulk were wantonly to attack a little man elsewhere than in the P. R.; in such a dilemma any stratagem might be excusable; but if men agree to meet in the milling arena, to fight for fame or lucre, they must be bound by the rules which all professors of their art recognise, or cease to belong to the pugilistic school. Again, when a round is finished, and an antagonist, in that belief, is retiring and off his guard, is it consistent with fair play suddenly to jump up and unexpectedly administer a blow, perhaps behind his back, when he is totally unprepared for defence? Who will say that such a stratagem in fair fight is allowable? and yet, can it be denied that Bendigo repeatedly had recourse to such a mode of attack? With these facts before us, can we for one moment admit that Caunt has been fairly beaten, or that the man to whom victory has been awarded by the referee, is honorably and honestly entitled to possess the enviable position of Champion of England? Of Caunt it is remarked that he was deficient in science and utterly wanting in knowledge as to the use of the gifts that nature gave him." This was Ben's last appearance until Tuesday last, and we think that his best friends will not deny that it would have been far better if, after the lapse of so many years, he had declined again to enter upon a career in which, at his time of life, nothing is likely to be gained. For the present battle he trained at his old quarters, the Greyhound at Hatfield Woodside, and by dint of severe work and great abstinence, reduced himself from 17st to 14st 7lb. He was always a fast runner, and we are given to understand that during his training he gave many proofs that this gift had not left him.

Having now given our readers a sufficient dose of Ben Caunt, we must claim their attention for a brief space to record the doings of old Nat. The Leicester Pet was born in 1820, at Hinckley, Leicestershire, and his fighting weight is about 11st, his height being 5 ft. 10 in. His first encounter was for £5 a side, with one Ellis, at Hinckley, February 2d, 1843, and was won by Nat in eight rounds. After this he came to London, and having shown some points as a sparrer, was taken in hand by Ben Caunt, and became a regular frequenter of his sparring room. His first appearance in the London ring was with Tom Lowe, a coal-heaver, weighing about 12st. They fought for a purse on the 7th of May, 1844, in the same ring as Joe Bostock and the Wychwood Forester. Nat had no fighting shoes, and fought in his stockings 43 rounds were got through in 50 minutes, when the Coaley cried 'a go.' It was a good mill, and Nat displayed some points which indicated future greatness. On the 12th of June, 1845, he defeated Doctor Campbell, a man considerably bigger than himself, in 35 minutes and 25 rounds. He then, on the 23d of September, 1846, fought Gutteridge, who stood about 5 feet 11 inches, and weighed 11st. 7lb., for £25 a side. It was a long fight, lasting 93 minutes and 85 rounds, and was won cleverly by Nat, who displayed much of the extraordinary judgment he has since shown in timing his blows so well as to prove him one of the best judges of distance out. On the 4th of May, 1847, he fought and beat Sparkes (the Australian) for £50 a side, in 67 rounds and 63 minutes. Here Nat's cleverness again enabled him to pull through with comparatively little damage to himself, and this too against a man of no mean repute in his own country. Nat was now unable to meet with an opponent anywhere near his own weight who fancied tackling him, and for some time was laid up in lavendar. At length, in 1851, Harry Orme, who, although not quite so tall, is much heavier than Nat, challenged our hero after his (Orme's) first fight with Aaron Jones, and on the 5th of May, they met, for £50 a side, at Lower Hope Point. Nat, whose desire to see the sun rise had often kept him out of bed until unheard-of hours, was by no means so fresh as heretofore, but still he and Orme made a most excellent display. Nat was weak, but his science and judgment enabled him for a long time to cope with the superior strength of his opponent. Early in the fight he was heavily thrown, Orme adding his weight to the fall, and Nat was all abroad, but by careful nursing was got round, and for 117 rounds the brave fellows contested the ground inch by inch. He got weaker every round, but his pops gradually blinded Orme, who was still strong on his legs. In the end, however, poor Nat had to succumb; nature would not second his efforts, and for the first time he had to cry enough. Nat after this went into business at Cambridge, and earned golden opinions amongst the undergraduates, with whom he was a universal favorite. His final battle, prior to Tuesday, was with Tom Sayers for £100 a side and the Championship of the middle weights, a title which Nat had claimed for himself for some time. The fight must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. It came off October 18th, 1853, at Lakenheath, and was won by Nat, purely through his extreme quickness and knowledge of distance, in 61 rounds and 142 minutes. Sayers was not satisfied with the result; but Nat's health at the time was failing, and he declined to make a fresh match, so that in the end he resigned his position to Tom Sayers, who, as every one knows, in addition to the championship of the middle weights, has obtained for himself the summit of a pugilist's ambition—the Champion's Belt. Nat's health for some time continued very indifferent, and last year his friends almost to a man thought him in a galloping consumption. He obtained advice at the Consumption Hospital, however, and there ascertained that his lungs were not affected, and that his digestive organs alone were out of order. He was still, however, so weak, that every one was completely taken aback when it was announced that he was matched with his quondam friend Caunt; and no one, as we have already said, would believe that it would ever come to a battle, thinking it impossible for Nat to stand the necessary training. Into training, however, he went, first at Dover, and then at Stockbridge, and by steadiness and perseverance he got himself into splendid fettle; and to our minds he certainly looked bigger, stronger, and healthier, although of course somewhat older than when he fought either Harry Orme or Tom Sayers. We have now brought both our heroes to the post fit to go, and as our readers stock of patience must be pretty well exhausted, we must come to "time," and proceed to our description of

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toeing the scratch the disparity between the men was of course extraordinary. Ben Caunt, barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor. His massive frame and powerful legs and arms—the former set off to the best advantage by pink silk stockings and well-made drawers—presented a sight worth going some distance to see; and as he stood over old Nat any one would have agreed with Jerry Noon, that it was "Chelsea Hospital to a sentry-box" in his favor. He smiled good humoredly, and had clearly made up his mind to win in a trot. Nat was, as usual, clear in skin, and neatly made at all points. His shoulders and arms were well covered with muscle, and for an encounter with a man of his own size he looked all that could be desired; but as to his being a match for Ben Caunt it seemed too absurd to be credited, and few, we think, expected to see him "perform" with anything like effect. His attitude, as of yore, was perfection, and his dangerous left was playing about close to his side all in readiness for one of his neat deliveries as Ben came in. Caunt stood just as he ever stood, very square on his pins, his brawny arms almost straight out before him, which he ever and anon moved backwards and forwards with all the deliberation of a couple of pendulums. He had come, however, not to spar, but to fight, and after very little feinting he went up to Nat, who retreated towards the ropes, and Ben at length lunged out left and right, just catching Nat with the former on the ribs, and Nat was down laughing.

2. Both very quick to time. Caunt walked after Nat, sawing the air with both fins, and as he got close he sent out his left, but Nat, quick as lightning, shot out his left on the kisser, drawing *first blood* from Ben's upper lip, and got down.

3. After a little dodging Nat feinted, and let fly his left straight on the jaw. Slight exchanges followed on the side of the wig block, and Nat was again down out of harm's way.

4. No time cut to waste, Caunt went to his man and poked out his left, just catching Nat on the chin, and Nat dropped.

5. Nat fiddled Ben to within distance, and then popped his larboard daddle on Ben's jowl, which led to heavy exchanges, Caunt getting on to Nat's cranium above the left peeper, and receiving on the cheek, and Nat fell.

6. After one or two passes they got close, and very slight exchanges took place, when Nat got down.

7. Caunt stalked up to Nat, swung his mawleys slowly round, and then dropped the left on Nat's left cheek, Nat nailing him prettily at the same time on the left squinter, and Nat down clumsily, Caunt carefully stepping over him.

8. Caunt again approached Nat, and lunged out his left, Nat countering him quickly on the right peeper. Ben got home on the left cheek, and Nat fell.

9. Nat dodged about for an opening, and then got sharply home on the left cheek. Caunt returned very slightly on the side of the nut, and Nat down.

10. Both sparred a little for wind, but soon went to close quarters, when, after a very slight exchange on the forehead, Nat sought Mother Earth. The 11th round was precisely similar to this.

12. Nat, after a few passes, got within distance and shot out his left as straight as a dart on Ben's conk, inflicting an ugly cut on the bridge, and drawing more claret. The blow had double force from the fact that Ben was coming in at the time. He bored in, and Nat got down at the ropes.

13. Nat again timed his man judgmatically with his left on the proboscis, and slipped down from the force of the blow. He recovered himself, however, and after a little sparring got sharply on Ben's "tenor trap." Ben retaliated, but not effectively, on Nat's cheek, and Nat fell.

14. Nat feinted, and dropped smartly on the snorer. He tried again, but missed, and in getting away slipped down.

15. Langham missed his left, and slight exchanges followed at the ropes, where Nat got got down, Caunt again, in the most manly way, refraining from falling on him, as he might have done as he went down.

16. Ben took the first move, and got home, but not heavily, on Nat's jaw. They then sparred a bit, and on getting close Caunt lunged out his one, two, on Nat's left cheek, but the blows appeared to have no steam in them. Nat popped a straight one on the left brow, and dropped.

17. Slight exchanges, no damage, and Ben bored his man down at the ropes.

18. Nat let fly his left, but Ben was too far off. Ben, however, went to him, and slight exchanges took place, Nat on the mark and Caunt on the side of the head, and Nat down.

19. After slight exchanges, Ben got home sharply on the back of Nat's brain pan, and Nat fell.

20. No time lost. They walked up to one another, and at once let fly, Caunt on Nat's forehead, and Nat on the left brow, and Nat down.

21. Good exchanges, but Nat straightest, getting another good one on Ben's conk, and renewing the juice. Caunt touched Nat's forehead, and Nat down without a visible mark of punishment.

22. Caunt rushed at Nat, who, being close to the ropes, slipped down to avoid. An appeal of foul was made, but not by the umpires. The referee, however, sent Nat's umpire to him to caution him.

23. Nat fiddled and dodged until Caunt drew back his arm, when pop went the left on Ben's cheek. Exchanges followed, Nat getting on Ben's left peeper, and Ben on the brow, and Nat down.

24. Slight exchanges; Ben on the forehead, and Nat down.

25. Nat missed his first delivery, but in a second effort caught Ben on the body, Caunt retaliating with a swinging round hit on the cranium, and Nat down.

26. Sharp exchanges; Nat on the gob, and Ben on the side of the canister, and Nat down, Ben as usual stepping over him, but asking him why he did not stand up and have a round.

27. Ben went to his man, and begun business by lunging out both hands, but he missed, and Nat popped his left on the whistler. Ben, however, returned on the cheek, just drawing claret, and Nat down.

28. Ben again succeeded in reaching Nat's cheek with his right, drawing more ruby, and Nat fell.

29 and 30. After the most trifling exchanges in these rounds, Nat got down, much to the annoyance of Ben, who, however, preserved his good temper, and merely remonstrated with his cunning opponent.

31. Nat dodged and popped his left sharply on the mazzard, received the merest excuse for a blow, and dropped.

32. In this round the exchanges were very slight, but Nat's were straightest. As usual he was down.

33. Nat crept in, let go his left on Ben's lip, which he cut, and Nat fell on his back from the force of his own blow.

34. Ben, whose warbler was bleeding, rushed at Nat, and regularly bored him down.

To go into details of the next few rounds would be merely a repetition of what we have already written. Nat feinted, dodged, timed his man with the greatest precision whenever he moved his arms, and although his blows did not seem very heavy they still were always "there or thereabouts," and poor old Ben's mug begun to be all shapes. The manly fellow, however, never grumbled; he went straight up to be planted upon, and although he occasionally got home a body-blow or a round hit on the side of Nat's occiput, still he left no visible marks. Once or twice Jemmy Shaw claimed foul on the ground that Nat fell without a blow, but Nat was cunning enough to keep just within the pale of the law. There was not one round in which he did not go down, and Ben invariably walked to his corner. In the 43d round Ben got the first knock down blow on Nat's forehead. In the 48th round he bustled in with desperation, but Nat met him full in the mouth, and then on the snorter, with his left, drawing the crimson from each, Ben returned on the top of the forehead, and Nat got down.

49. Nat crept in craftily, and popped a little one on the snuffer-tray, and this led to a tremendous counter bit, Caunt on the cheek and Nat on the jaw very heavily, drawing more ruby. Nat fell, his nut first reaching the ground, and Ben staggered to his corner evidently all abroad. By great exertions, and a little extra time, his seconds got him up to the scratch. Nat, however, was not in a much better state. Both were severely shaken.

50. Nat on coming up was evidently slow, but, to the surprise of every one, showed no mark of the hit in the last round, while Ben's kisser was considerably awry, and he was scarcely himself. Now would have been Langham's time, but he had not strength to go in. After a short spar, Ben got on to Nat's jaw, staggering him; Nat returned sharply on the left eye and nozzle. After heavy exchanges on the body Nat fell.

51. In this round Ben just missed Nat as he was falling, and caught the stake very heavily with his left, which was thereby rendered useless, or nearly so. From this to the 60th and last round there was nothing to call for particular notice. Nat pursued his defensive tactics, and his pop for nothing when there was a chance. Still, however, old Ben kept swinging his dangerous limbs about, and every now and then got heavily on Nat's body and left shoulder, and occasionally on the top of his head. Nat fell every round, but oftentimes he had to do it so quickly, owing to the close proximity of Ben, that he fell most awkwardly for himself, and he must have been shaken severely. He gradually got tired, and Caunt, whose dial was much cut about, was evidently puzzled what to be at. At length, in the sixtieth round, after a little sparring and a slight exchange, they stood and looked at one another, and rubbed their chests. Neither seemed disposed to begin, and it was pretty clear that each had the same end in view, namely, to protract the battle until it was dark. Each, doubtless, felt that he was unable to finish that day, and did not feel disposed to throw a chance away by going in and getting an unexpected finisher at close quarters. After standing several minutes, Dan Dismore came to us, and said it was a pity that men who had been such close friends should proceed any further with hostilities, and suggested that it would be much better if they forgave and forgot their quarrel, and shook hands. We coincided with Dan in his kindly opinion, and he then took upon himself to go into the ring and suggest some such arrangement, and in doing so he said he would gladly give £5 out of his own pocket to see them bury their animosity there and then, and draw their stakes. Caunt said he was willing if Nat was, and after a little consideration Nat held out his mawley, which was cordially shaken by old Ben, and then Langham went with Caunt into the corner of the latter, where he shook hands with Ben Butler and also with Caunt's son. Dan Dismore now left the ring, and on the referee asking him what had been done, Dan said, "It is all over; it's settled." The referee inquired whether they intended drawing altogether, and Dan said again, "It's all done with; there will be nothing more done in it;" or words to that effect, but we believe these were Dan's exact expressions. The referee at once, on hearing this, expressed his pleasure at so amicable an arrangement, and on the men quitting the arena he also left the ring side, his office of course ceasing, and on the faith of Dan's statement he at once gave up what bets he held. After being some time on board the boat, however, he was somewhat staggered at being accosted by one of Nat's Corinthian patrons and Jack Macdonald, who told him that a draw had been agreed to, and had declared that such a thing never entered his head. He thought Dismore merely wished them to draw for the time being, and that the referee would name another day in the same week to fight again. The referee replied that his impression certainly was that an arrangement had been made to draw stakes, or he should not have vacated his post, and this application on Nat's behalf took him so much by surprise that he did not know how his position was affected. It was a case that had never occurred before, and he must think it over. Nat's backer said he also was impressed at the time with the notion that everything was arranged, and had left the ring side with that belief, but still he thought the referee had the power to name another day, as Nat had been no party to any final arrangement. At the railway station, on the arrival of the boats, the referee called both the men together, and asked them in the presence of each other what they had understood on leaving the ring. Ben Caunt said he understood they were friends again, and were to draw their money, while Nat repeated the statement that had been conveyed to the referee by Jack Macdonald. Caunt seemed quite taken aback, as did also his friends. Dan Dismore now came up, and repeated the statement that he had previously made to the effect that he had recommended the men to shake hands and be friends, and that he had certainly said he would give £5 out of his own pocket to see the matter settled. They had shaken hands at his recommendation, and at the time it certainly had been his impression that they would not fight again. He declined, however, to take upon himself the responsibility of saying that either man had actually said anything about drawing stakes. The referee was now completely nonplussed, and said at that time, and in such a crowd, he could not undertake to give an opinion either way, and he then suggested that the men and their friends

should meet at our office the following day to discuss the matter, when all were calm, and had time to think over the affair.

Owing to the low state of the tide when the fight was over, and the narrowness of the causeway to the boats, a great deal of time was lost in embarkation, and not a few of the travelers obtained mud baths at a very much less price than such a luxury would have cost in Germany. The consequence of the delay was, that the eight o'clock train was missed, and there being no other until 9:30, the travelers, weary, muddy, and wet, but tolerably well satisfied with their entertainment, did not reach the metropolis until nearly twelve o'clock.

The following morning the referee took the opportunity of laying the case before a Corinthian patron of the art, who, although no longer a frequenter of the ring side, was for many years one of the staunchest attendants, and certainly has more experience in such matters than any amateur out. That gentleman, after thinking over the matter for a few minutes, said he was of opinion there could be no doubt as to the course of the referee. There had been he said, no appeal to him to stop the fight—there was no reason for his interference, as he could see both men perfectly, and he had stated there was sufficient daylight for eight or ten more rounds. The men had shaken hands in the ring, and, putting Dismore and his statement out of the question as unnecessary adjuncts to the case, he was of opinion that the men, by voluntarily quitting the ring without any appeal being made by themselves or their umpires, had clearly taken the whole affair out of the referee's hands, and altogether deprived him of any power in the matter.

At the appointed hour both men and their friends were in attendance at our office—Nat all but scatheless, while Ben had an ugly cut on his nose, and his left peeper was partially closed. He had also other severe marks of punishment on various parts of his dial, and his hands were much puffed. Both men made their statements. Caunt repeated that he fully believed Nat had agreed to draw stakes when he shook hands with him and his uncle, or he should never have consented to leave off fighting, as there was still daylight for ten or a dozen rounds. He was then warm, and felt confident he could have won. He was as strong as ever on his legs, and was convinced that Nat had done all he knew. Langham, in reply, denied that this was the case. He understood that Dismore only proposed a postponement until another day, as it was not likely they could finish that evening. He shook hands with Caunt and his uncle because he did not think he ought to leave the ring without performing that ceremony. Dan Dismore repeated the statement he had already made, adding that he certainly was not authorised to say they had agreed to draw their money, whatever his own impression might have been. He was of opinion then that it would have been a proper course, and that opinion he still entertained; and he would willingly give £5 or £10 out of his own pocket to see them shake hands and make up their differences. Tom Sayers, who was also present, said he had left the ring with the idea that his principal had agreed to draw the money, and he had no idea until some time afterwards that Nat had contemplated a renewal of hostilities. The referee, after hearing both sides, said he had thought the matter over very carefully, and had come to a conclusion in his own mind, before consulting the gentleman above referred to, and he was glad to find that conclusion coincided with the opinion of his adviser. The men had taken the matter quite out of his hands. They had made an arrangement between themselves, had shaken hands and left the ring without asking his opinion or appealing to him in any way, although he stood close to the ropes and stakes at the time they were shaking hands, and what other conclusion could he arrive at than that they had amicably settled their differences? That a misunderstanding had arisen as to future arrangements was to be regretted, but he had no power whatever to name another day. If his advice were asked, it would be that they should shake hands, but if they did not choose to do this, they must agree upon another day and place between themselves. Nat at once proposed fighting again on Saturday, to which Caunt objected. He said he was now stiff, and his hands were injured, and required time to get round. He believed a bone in one of his fingers was broken. As he had before said, he could have finished it the same night, but he should decline fighting again at present. Nat then asked what he proposed, to which Ben said he proposed that on the next occasion Nat should stand up and fight like a man. He could not fight a man who was always on the ground. A good deal of angry discussion followed, Ben Butler again going beyond the bounds of decorum, while Caunt remained perfectly quiet. Nat was, of course, incensed at being baulked of his rights, as he considered them, but still there was no prospect of an arrangement. At length Nat asked Caunt to give him some portion of the stakes, as an inducement to draw, a proposition indignantly scouted by Caunt. This was the last offer. The men were then informed that the referee had given his decision, that he could not interfere, and it remained for them to agree between themselves upon a time and place. That they could do in some other place and at some other time, and both left our office, after cutting to waste much valuable time, without any definite object being gained.

REMARKS.

Having gone so fully into details of this affair, it will be unnecessary for us to weary our readers with many remarks either upon the respective styles of the combatants or the untoward result of the battle. Caunt, from first to last, showed not the slightest improvement in his style of fighting; nor was it likely that after a life of ease and abstinence from athletic exercises (if from nothing else) the case would have been otherwise. His position was unartistic. He held his arms too high, and never displayed the least head or judgement in his efforts to get at his shifty opponent. He was always too quick and too anxious to be doing something, and thereby threw away many chances, and also put himself at the mercy of the crafty Nat, who seldom or never failed to avail himself of Big Ben's incautiousness. Unartistic as he was, however, no one will deny that Caunt upheld the character he has invariably borne of a manly upright boxer, disdaining to avail himself of repeated opportunities which many persons would unscrupulously have adopted of falling upon an opponent when he dropped in the not very manly manner that Nat, on many occasions, certainly did. From first to last Ben never lost his temper. He received all Nat's props with the greatest *sang froid*, smiling upon him and some times staking his head at him for his shiftiness. As to Caunt's game, there never was, and never can be, a question. He was punished most severely, and yet he never once flinched or showed signs of not liking it. The only remark he condescended to make from time to time in his corner was, that Nat had done all he could, and that he must be getting weak. He did not wish to win by a foul, and on several occasions when his seconds desired to appeal he said he would rather try to win on his merits. In addition to the punishment on his mug, he contrived to seriously injure both hands; and, should it be determined that the battle be renewed, there can be no doubt it will be long before he will find his daddles sufficiently recovered to justify him in his own mind in again meeting Nat in the magic circle.

Of Nat Langham it is not necessary to say very much. As we have before remarked, he was fitter to fight than we thought he ever could be, and was as confident as if all had been settled. There was all the old cunning and extraordinary quickness with his left, and, if possible, he had improved both in his powers of timing his props and his judgment of distance. He, like Caunt, never for a moment flinched from his receipts, which, on many occasions, must have been anything but agreeable; and, so long as he stood on his pins, he faced his man with unruffled indifference. That he went down on many occasions in a suspicious manner cannot be denied, and that this occurred on some few occasions when he was not in danger is equally true; but he almost invariably kept just within the pale of the law. Several times he was hit, and hit severely, and when Jemmy Shaw appealed to the referee as to his falling, on most such occasions he received a gentle tap, just sufficient to save him, but still he persevered in the practice much too constantly to admit of our stating that it was a fair stand-up fight on his part. His friends contend that when a man is opposed to such superior weight and strength he is justified in resorting to such shifts to enable him to withstand his opponent, but this we deny. The rules of the Ring say distinctly "it shall be a fair stand-up fight," and if a man cannot vanquish an opponent of heavier metal than himself by fair means, he has no business to make a match with him. Nat knew perfectly well Caunt's superiority in height and weight, and Caunt is perfectly justified in his observation that this knowledge ought to have deterred him from match-making except on the usual terms. That Nat's shifty tactics arose from cowardice would of course be a ridiculous suggestion. Every one who has seen him fight knows that a braver man never pulled off his shirt, and no one we ever saw enter a ring has impressed us with so just an idea of what may be accomplished by science and judgment; but still we cannot help repeating a remark we have over and over again made—we do not and cannot admire the hit and drop system, which is not consonant with the principles on which, and on which alone, we can uphold British boxing, and we earnestly entreat the gallant Nat, should the match be renewed, rather to imitate the conduct of his quondam opponent, Tom Sayers, and, by the active use of his pins, keep out of the way of his ponderous but by no means judgmatical opponent, and so set a still brighter example of that manly straightforward species of British boxing which cannot fail to add to the laurels he has so long and so deservedly worn. The fight lasted one hour and twenty-nine minutes.

As to the *vexata quæstio* of the renewal of hostilities, we have few observations to make. The referee was unquestionably right in his decision, and in this opinion we have been confirmed by every uninterested person we have consulted. The men by leaving the ring without applying to him, or consulting him in any way, clearly exonerated him from all further trouble or anxiety in the matter. It was taken out of our hands, and if, as subsequently it turned out, a misunderstanding arose, it was plainly competent for each man to have his own opinion, and make his own statement as to the arrangement that had been made, and utterly impossible for the referee to decide which was in the right, or to show favor or affection on either side, when the word of one was as good as the other; and it would have been especially hard for him to assume a power though he had it not when the balance of evidence, so far as it went, was in favor of the man who contended that the referee had no longer any voice in the matter. The unlooked-for conclusion was entirely a misrepresentation on one side or the other of Dan Dismore's kindly intentions, but to hold him responsible in any way would be cruel in the extreme. What he did we are convinced was done with the most friendly motives to both men. He was anxious that they should once more renew their former footing of intimate friendship, and if he failed in his good purpose, it is a subject of regret, but certainly not of imputation upon one who did all for the best. With these few observations we take our leave of the matter, trusting that both men will yet see the propriety of taking Ould Dan's advice. Consistently we cannot uphold private quarrels as affairs to be decided in the P. R. That arena was originally instituted as a place wherein men might try their skill as professors of their art, and demonstrate the advantages of fair play as contrasted with practices now, alas! becoming too common in this country; and if once personal animosity is allowed to become an ingredient in the business, one of the great principles on which alone we have ever upheld prize fighting will be done away with. All bets of course are off

We are glad to hear that the friends of both men have agreed to pay them for their colors, as some slight assistance in defraying their expenses. Ben Caunt wishes us to state that he was trained for this fight by George Richardson of Nottingham.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

Oct. 17.—Germantown vs. Delphian, at Philadelphia.
—.—Hamilton vs. Olympian, at Philadelphia.
—.—Brooklyn vs. Kings County, at Bedford.
—.—Long Island vs. Mechanics, of Newark, (return) at Newark.
—.—Star and Thistle vs. Boston, (return) on Boston Common.
—.—Star and Thistle vs. Lawrence United Eleven.

HALIFAX VS. ROYAL ARTILLERY.—The former party were victorious in their recent contest with the latter, played at Halifax, Sept. 4th and 26th, by 66 runs:

ELEVEN OF NEW YORK VS. SIXTEEN OF NEWARK.—This match which came off at Newark on Monday and Tuesday, 5th and 6th inst, resulted in the defeat of the eleven by 23 runs.

PROFESSIONAL VS. NON-PROFESSIONALS.—This was a closely played game, and took place at Hoboken, on Wednesday and Thursday, 7th and 8th inst. After a hard struggle the latter came of victorious by 8 runs.

NOTICE.—Our cricketing friends will observe, that from the immense quantity of other highly interesting matter, we are compelled to reserve the scores of these and other matches until our next issue.

SEVEN VS. SEVENTEEN OF THE THALIAN CLUB.—A very pleasant match was played between the members of the above-named club on Saturday, 10th instant, which resulted in the defeat of the former party by one innings and seventeen runs. We would give the score, but it contains, in many instances, numbers instead of names, which would make it so incomprehensible to our readers, that its insertion would be useless.

DELPHIAN VS. OLYMPIAN.—The match between these two clubs was brought to a conclusion on Wednesday, 7th instant, in favor of the latter. The totals were as follows: Olympian, 63 and 72; Delphian, 52 and 75.

CINCINNATI VS. CLEVELAND.—The return match between these two parties took place at Cincinnati, on Monday and Tuesday, 5th and 6th instant. The gentlemen of the latter club were victorious by seven wickets.

SINGLE WICKET.—The following figures will show the result of a match played at Germantown, Pennsylvania, on Friday, 9th instant, between the following parties:—W. Bayard, 6 and 2; J. Carpenter, 10 and 4; grand total, 22. H. Levis, 2 and 1; J. Bayard, 4 and 2; E. Carpenter, 2 and 1; grand total, 12.

MAGNOLIA VS. EXCELSIOR.—We reserve the score, &c., of this match, played at Philadelphia, on Saturday, 10th instant, until next week, merely giving the totals, which were as follows: Excelsior, 59 and 32; Magnolia, 42 and 53.

NEW YORK CLUB, ATTENTION!—We are requested by the Hon. Secretary, Hanoch Spivey, to call the attention of the members of this club to the fact that Monday, 19th instant, is set apart as a general play day for their professional, Mr. Crossley; to be considered also as their closing day for this season. As Mr. Crossley has been every way attentive to his duties, it is to be hoped that there will be a good attendance, and that his benefit will be a substantial one. The well-known liberality of the members of this club renders any further appeal from us altogether unnecessary.

OAK VS. PUTNAM.—A match between these two clubs took place at Germantown, on Saturday, 10th instant, and after some very spirited play, resulted in the victory of the latter by eight wickets. The totals of the scores were as follows: Putnam, 25 and 39; Oak 24 and 39. Particulars next week.

PEDESTRIANISM.

RACE BETWEEN YOUNG SPORT AND THE LYNN BUCK.—A five mile foot race between Young Sport, of New York, and the Lynn Buck of Massachusetts, came off over the new race track, at Saugus, in the vicinity of Boston, on the 9th inst. On the former occasion, when these men ran on the Union Course, L. I., the Buck proved the winner, Sport giving up before the distance was completed, not being in proper condition to run. On the 9th, it was thought he might prove the winner, a start of a hundred yards being allowed him, but the Buck thought otherwise. They started in good style, and during the first three miles of the race, Sport maintained his distance from the Buck. On the fourth mile, the Buck did his best, passing his competitor on the last quarter, and leaving him at least one hundred yards in the rear. Buckley widened the gap on the fifth mile, and came in at the end of the race more than two hundred yards ahead. Time made by Buckley—1st mile, 5:40; 2d mile, 6:00; 3d mile, 5:45; 4th mile, 5:13; 5th mile, 5:25; total, 28:03. Young Sport made the five miles in 29:33.

CARD.—Lynn, Oct. 12th, 1857—In the CLIPPER of the 10th inst., I noticed an article purporting to be from Joseph H. Murch, in which he claims to be the winner of the race in Lynn. Why should the judges give the race to me if he was the winner? Now, to test the question, I am willing to run a three mile race on the Franklin Course at any time he may select for any amount from $100 to $500. A deposit may be made at the CLIPPER office, or at James Foley's, Mechanics' Saloon, Oxford street, Lynn, where articles can be drawn up and signed.

If Mr. Murch will send on a deposit and articles to you, (MR. QUEEN,) the money shall be sent on to cover the amount. If otherwise, he knows where to find me.

PATRICK BUCKLEY, (Lynn Buck.)

YOUNG SPORT states that he has been challenged in Boston to run a race with P. O'Brien. He requests us to state that he will run O'Brien five miles, on the Chelsea race track, on the 27th of October, for $100 a side. He will meet O'Brien on the 24th, at the Girard House, Boston.

Young Sport will also run C. O'Neil, the Lowell Pet, three miles, on the Chelsea or Lowell track.

LAMBERT'S REPLY TO ADAMS'S CHALLENGE.—Boston, Oct. 12, 1857.—In looking over last week's CLIPPER, I noticed a challenge from Mr James Adams to me to walk 1,000 consecutive hours, neither to walk less than 2 miles per hour. Not having recovered from the effects of my last feat, I do not feel prepared to accept his challenge at the present time; but when I have recovered, which I hope will be in a short time, I will walk Mr. James Adams 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, each man to walk one mile in an hour, neither more nor less. This I will do with Mr. Adams, or any other man in the United States, for from $2,000 to $3,000 a side.

I agree to Mr. Frank Queen being stakeholder, according to his proposition. JAMES LAMBERT.

AQUATICS.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SCHUYLKILL.—Philadelphia, Oct, 12, 1857.—FRANK QUKEN—*Dear Sir:* In a recent number of your paper the America Barge Club are accused of "unjustly claiming the Championship of the Schuylkill River." Now, among our own members, we really do think that we have made and can make the best time between the Falls and Turtle Rock. However, to settle all doubt upon this matter, we intend pulling the "Phantom" over the above mentioned ground, on any day betweem November 1st, and 7th, 1857, and cordially invite all the other amateur boat clubs of Philadelphia, to pull with, and *beat* us if they can. Each crew entering this contest, to consist of its *own active members*, and not of parties elected for the occasion.

This challenge will remain open until the 24th inst.

Yours, respectfully, AMERICA BARGE CLUB.
per E. M. V. Sec. and Treas. A. B. C.
Box. 1697, P. O., Philadelphia.

A ROWING MATCH took place on the 11th, from the foot of Catharine Slip, East River, between Aby Lawlor and Michael Morrow, in the Robby House, and Stephen Madden and John Burke, in the Little Frenchman, for $20 a side. The boats were 19 feet each. The distance was from the Slip to, and around the stake-boat off Brooklyn side of Wall street ferry, and back. They rounded it beautifully, being side by side; but the Little Frenchman, gaining on the home-stretch, won by about three lengths. A novel match was then made between two of the unsophisticated for $10 a side, which afforded much laughter. They were William Lochler, in the Water Lily, and James Driscol, in the Jack Strip. They pulled the same course as the others, and between dropping their oars and various other mistakes, the spectators enjoyed the fun heartily. The prize was awarded to the Water Lily. There were between two and three hundred spectators, who seemed well satisfied with both races. There will be quite an exciting match on the 18th, for $50 a side, between Stephen Madden and Aby Lawlor, at the same place.

CHALLENGE.—The match race that came off on the 24th Sept, between the yachts Theo. Esling, John Green, and David P. Ray, being so closely contested between the Esling and Green, and not being satisfactory to the Green boys, they now challenge the Esling Club to sail the Green any named day inside of three weeks, from Kensington, (18th Ward,) to Chester buoy and return, for a purse of $25 to $250. Money at Mr. Mason's paint shop, Queen street, above Marlborough street. JACOB FRIENBUSH,
No. 808 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

CANINE.

WILL ACCEPT.—In our last appeared a challenge from Mr. John Halford, of Providence, R I, in which Mr. H. offered to fight his 17 lb. dog against any dog of the same weight in the country, for $100. Mr. Roome requests us to say that he will accept the challenge, and fight immediately, provided he does not leave the city, of which there is a probability just now. At all events, if he should leave, he will make the match to fight in December, for as much as Mr. Halford may see fit to fight for.

CANINE CONTEST IN PROVIDENCE.—A determined and well fought battle took place in that city on Monday, 28th ult., between John Kierand's dog Napoleon, of Providence, and Charles McCaffrey's slut Molley, of Hartford, Conn. Molley had things all her own way for the first 20 minutes, when, contrary to expectation, Napoleon made a rally and won the fight handsomely in 28 minutes.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—James Giddings has accepted James McLaughlin's challenge to fight his dog Dandy, at 25 lbs. weight, for $100 a side. The fight is to take place at Harry Jennings, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at 8 o'clock.

ANSWER TO QUIGLEY'S CHALLENGE.—Charlestown, Oct 12, 1857.—I noticed in the columns of last week's CLIPPER a challenge from Wm. Quigley to fight my dog Danger. My dog is an old dog, having fought his first battle nine years ago, and has fought several times since, always proving victorious. I threw him on the shelf, intending to fight him no more, but if Mr. Quigley comes to my weight, and gives one pound for old age, I will take him down and fight for $100 or $200.
JOHN COLLINS.

A CHALLENGE TO WM. QUIGLEY.—I have a slut that I will fight 27 or 27½ lbs. weight, against any other slut of same weight that Mr. Quigley can produce, for $100 or $200. JOHN COLLINS.

HARRY JENNINGS, Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, commenced last Saturday evening, and, through the earnest solicitation of several mechanical friends was induced to alter the sports of Wednesday evening to Saturday evening, for the express purpose of practicing young dogs in the art and science of rat killing, &c. H. J. assures a good supply of rats on every Saturday evening, at six cents each. Harry Jennings challenges America with eight different puppies, from four weeks old up to ten, to kill twelve rats each for any amount; and every one can have an opportunity of having good rat killers. "Practice makes perfect."

TO MR. QUIGLEY—*Sir:* Looking over the canine department of the CLIPPER, I noticed a challenge from William Quigley's dog Spring, of Charlestown, Mass., to Mr. Collins' dog Danger, at 32 lbs. weight, and thinking perhaps that Mr. Collins would not accept his challenge, I would be most happy to accommodate him on the same terms, providing he would fight in New York. A match can be made by communicating to me, Harry Jennings, Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street; or by sending a deposit to the CLIPPER.

THE MATCH between Jim Gedding's 25 lb. dog Jack, and Jim McLaughlin's 25 lb. dog Dandy, for $100, is to be decided at 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at 8 o'clock.

A GRAND RATTING MATCH took place at Barney Ford's, Sportsman's Hall, 313 North street, Boston, on the 8th inst., for two fancy collars, on which occasion the following dogs were entered: Mr. Trainer's dog Prince, killed 5 rats in 21 seconds; Mr. Borfut's dog Jack, killed 5 rats in 32 seconds; Mr. Keenan's dog Spry, killed 5 rats in 50 seconds; Mr. Aran's dog Jack, in 22 seconds; Mr. Robert's dog Stranger, in 22 seconds; Mr Dowling's dog Blueskin, in 40 seconds; Mr. Foley's slut Fan, in 23 seconds. Consequently Mr. Trainer's dog Prince received the first prize. Mr. Thornton's dog Useless, killed in 60 seconds; Mr. Jones' dog Prince, killed in 45 seconds; Keenan's killed in 50 seconds. Jones' dog Prince received the second prize. Mr. Casey's celebrated slut Fan, killed 5 rats in 10 seconds. This slut is open to match any dog in the world at 26 lbs., to kill 50 or 100 rats, for from $50 to $100. Man and money ready at Barney Ford's, 313 North street.

FIGHTING PIG.—Mr. Ford has a pig to fight any 26 lb. dog in the country, for $100 or $200. This pig he exhibits every Thursday night, and will give a handsome Silver Collar to any dog that can draw him out of a box. As there is ratting every Thursday night, Mr. Ford invites all his friends and the public at large to call and see the greatest wonder of the world. B. FORD.

CHALLENGE.—William Garrett, of New York, will fight his dog Rattler, 23½ lbs., against any dog in the United States, for $100 or $200 a side: also, his slut Fan, 20 lbs., against any other slut, for the same amount, in six weeks from the first deposit. Please answer through the CLIPPER, by sending a deposit of $5 to Mr. Queen, when a match can be made for either.

THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.—The season of flowers will soon have passed away, yet we may still inhale their fragrance by dropping in at Dr. Gouraud's, where the most delicious perfumes may at all times be had. Here, too, may be purchased that excellent article of Hair Dye, which, in an instant, gives to red, light, or grey hair the most beautiful brown or jet black color. Also, Poudres Subtiles, which eradicates, almost immediately, all superfluous hair. We should not omit to notice, also, the Doctor's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which, for the removal of freckles, pimples, chaps, chafes, &c., stands pre-eminent. All of these articles may be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway. Sold also by J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; and T. R. Callendar, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, ABOVE GRAND STREET,
Open every night during the week.
THE CELEBRATED AND ORIGINAL
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
COMPRISING THIRTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS.
Introducing a new variety of
SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUE SAYINGS,
SHAKSPERIAN READINGS, HORSE COMBAT,
SAW DUST ACROBATS, CHALLENGE DANCE
ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c
JERRY, NEIL, AND DAN BRYANT
In a variety of Comicalities.
Doors open at 7—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents.

PHAIR & Co.,
STEAM JOB PRINTERS,
22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.
Every description of Plain and Ornimental Job Printing promptly executed at the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms
FOR CASH. 36-3m

CITY HOTEL, HOBOKEN.
NO.'S 131 AND 133 HUDSON STREET,
Formerly Pollock's Mansion House.
SIX PREMIUM BILLIARD TABLES, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.
FURNISHED ROOMS for the accommodation of young men, with or without board.
A PLEASANT PLACE OF RESORT for all classes, at all times
REFRESHMENTS of every variety on hand.
19-3m JOHN MOTT, Proprietor.

AT HOME.
JAS. HART IS NOW SETTLED IN HIS NEW QUARTERS, NO. 18 Ferry street, Boston, where he will be happy to see his friends, and the public generally. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of good brands, always on hand.
Sparring taught here, by James Hart, assisted by James Hobbs, of London. 25-1m

DR. ABRAHAM E. COX, 154 7TH AVENUE,
LATE 117 BOWERY, HAS OPENED HIS PRIVATE ROOMS, WHERE he will be in attendance for the treatment of all diseases peculiar to females. All cases of Menstrual obstruction requiring surgical operation will be treated without delay, and cure guaranteed.
Japan Secret, for preventing an increase of offspring, with full directions, price $2 per package. (Saturdays for the poor.) 25-4t

FIVE WAYS TO MAKE A FORTUNE.
1ST. HOW TO CATCH FOXES, BY A NEW METHOD. 2d. HOW TO Catch Mink. 3d. How to Catch Muskrat, and as many as you please. 4th. How to Catch all the Fish out of any river, creek, or pond, by a new process; little labor and no expense. 5th. How to make $100 a month, and no humbug. All sent for One Dollar. Address G. G. Berry, North Strafford, N. H. 25 3t

TO CARD PLAYERS.
I WILL, UPON THE RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR, GIVE POINTS OF advantage in the games of Poker, Bluff, Seven-up, Whist, Cribbage, Loo, and Euchre, which points will pay 40 for 1 to those who have an opportunity of playing for money. Cards that you can tell the color, suit and size, by the backs. Price—single pack, $2; Doz. packs, $12. Cribbage Cards, $1.50, single pack. Doz. packs, $8. All orders punctually attended to. DAN'L MORRIS,
25-2t Brooklyn P. O.

FOR SALE.
THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, SERgeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar; the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. M. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.
P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 11-6m

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all hopping or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.
All orders to be addressed to MICHAEL PHELAN.
Salesrooms 786 and 788 Broadway, N. Y.
Entrance in Tenth street.

JUST PUBLISHED—PRICE $1, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its Theory and Practice, with numerous illustrations. By Michael Phelan, author of "*Billiards Without a Master.*" Single copies mailed free on receipt of price, by O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,
39-3m 63 Ann street, N. Y.

RICH AND INTERESTING.
TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTH reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.
On receipt of the money these books will be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States.
The Six Mistresses of Pleasure. (By Charles P DeK.).....25
The Countess; or, My Intrigues with the Bloods.....25
Amelia Moreton; or, Life at a Fashionable Watering Place.....25
Julia King; or, The Follies of My Life.....25
The Gay Deceiver; or, Man's Perfidy and Woman's Frailty.....25
Merry Wives of London; a Picture of Licentiousness of the Court..50
Anna Mowbray; or, Tales of the Harem.....25
The Amours of an Irish Widow.....25
Simon, the Radical; or, The Adventures of a Bonnet Rouge.....25
Fanny Miller, the Lady in Flesh-colored Tights.....25
The Loves of Byron and his Various Intrigues.....50
La Tour De Nesle; or, The Amours of Margurite of Burgundy.....50
Mary Ann Temple; or, The Amorous Maiden.....25
The Bridal Chamber and its Mysteries.....25
The Adventures of a Libertine.....25
Any Book, Print, or any article connected with the Trade, published in the United States or Europe, can be furnished by us.
A large deduction made to persons who buy by the quantity to sell again. Our Complete Catalogues will be sent FREE to those who will write for them. Address all orders to
HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York.
We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 12-1m

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ALBANY, August 31, 1857. TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK—*Sir:* Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Joel T. Headley.
A Comptroller, in the place of Lorenzo Burrows.
An Attorney General, in the place of Stephen B. Cushing.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silas Seymour.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Stephen Clark.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Norwood Bowne.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Hiram Denio.

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, two Justices of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of William Mitchell, whose term expires December 31, 1857, and one in place of Charles A. Peabody, appointed to fill vacancy, occasioned by the Resignation of Jas. R. Whiting.

Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the places of Joseph S. Bosworth and Thomas J. Oakley, deceased.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Daniel P. Ingraham.

A Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Florence M'Carthy.

A Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James Green.

A Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Bartholomew O'Connor.

A Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William B. Meech.

A Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of William A. Van Cott.

A Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of John Anderson, Jun.

A Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of Anson Willis.

A Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York, in place of Thomas Pearson.

A Police Justice of the First District in the City of New York, in place of James H. Welsh.

A Police Justice of the Second District in the City of New York, in place of Matthew T. Brennan.

A Police Justice of the Third District in the City of New York, in place of William L. Wood.

A Police Justice of the Fourth District in the City of New York, in place of J. Sherman Brownell.

A Police Justice of the Fifth District in the City of New York, in place of Barnabas W. Osborne.

A Police Justice of the Sixth District in the City of New York, in place of William S. Davidson.

A Police Justice of the Seventh District in the City of New York place of James M. Flandreau.

A Police Justice of the Eighth District in the City of New York, in place of Michael Connelly.

Also a Senator for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Senate Districts, consisting of the City and County of New York.

A Member of Assembly for each of the Assembly Districts in the City and County of New York viz: The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Assembly Districts.

Two Governors of the Alms House, in the place of Anthony Dugro and Washington Smith.

A Surrogate, in place of Alexander W. Bradford.

A Recorder, in place of James M. Smith.

A District Attorney, in place of A. Oakey Hall.

And a Register in place of John S. Doane.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Yours respectfully, J. T. HEADLEY, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK Sept. 3, 1857.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirement of the Statue in such case made and provided. JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

P. HEALY & CO.,
NO. 50 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of 21-6m
BOXING, SWORD, AND CRICKET GLOVES.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF

JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From Boxiana, Published in England in 1818.

At a sporting dinner given to the "Lads of the Fancy," at Tom Oliver's, a few days after the above fight, by one of the highest amateurs in the scientific circles, no want of *game*, it appears, was discovered to render the table complete, and when the cloth was removed, the cigars lighted, the lively glass replenished, and the merits and capabilities of various milling heroes became the animated subject of discussion among the company present, a set-to was proposed, by way of practical illustration, between the Prime Irish Boy and Young Burke of Woolwich. The above heroes immediately acquiesced in this request, the gloves were produced, and the men soon appeared in battle array. Burke, who is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and wanting neither gluttony nor science, contended for the honor of having the best of it with much determination; but some doubts having arisen among the learned judges upon the precise point, a regular glove match was entered into, and a sum deposited on both sides accordingly. The first clean floorer was to decide the event! The contest was truly spirited between them, and after some tidy milling having occurred, Burke went down; but it not being exactly the thing meant, the point was reserved till another round. Thirteen minutes had now elapsed, and notwithstanding the advantages Burke possessed from standing over Randall, the latter at length measured his distance so correctly, that Burke was floored with great celerity as if he had been shot. The point being now satisfactorily decided, the glasses went merrily round, mirth and harmony prevailed throughout the evening, and the company separated in the utmost good humor. It is said the amateur before alluded to observed, Randall should not want, if necessary, from 500 to 1,000 guineas to complete any match, so high an opinion did he entertain of his milling talents. Randall was presented by his backer with the amount of the stakes.

Randall had made such rapid strides towards perfection in pugilism, that some difficulty was experienced in finding a customer for him. However, the long-talked-of match between the Waterman and Randall was at length made for 100 guineas a side. These boxing heroes met on Thursday, November 27, 1817, at Hayes common, in Kent. Parish, it seems, although not appreciated as a boxer by the amateurs, was well known as a staunch man, and also to have acquired first-rate science, under the tuition of George Head, a teacher of deserved celebrity, yet nevertheless, in comparison with the Nonpareil, so much was the Waterman placed in the back ground that 3 to 1 was the current betting against him. It is true that Parish's battle with Holt was highly spoken of at the time it occurred, although it took him one hour and a half to win it; while Randall, on the contrary, beat Holt in 25 minutes. The Nonpareil, too, had acquired great boxing reputation, from defeating in succession, Jack the Butcher, Walton, the Twickenham Youth, George Dodd, Borrock, West County Dick, and Belasco.

Wallington-common, in Surrey, about six miles beyond Croydon, was the spot selected for this grand trial of skill. Thither the amateurs repaired at an early hour, but the clergyman of the parish, and also a magistrate, saw the cavalcade pass by his window, and immediately on learning the cause hastened to the ring, and declared that the battle must not take place in Surrey. A little persuasion, or what the Fancy might term *gammon*, was tried to divert the Rev. Gent. from his intention, but he observed "it was a loss of time to remonstrate, as he was inflexible as a rock." In this dilemma, Hayes-common, in Kent, about seven miles distant, was suggested as an eligible place. The stakes were instantly removed, and the motley group ran like lightning, over a cross country road, that had not been visited for months by anything but dung carts or wagons. It was almost impassible, but the game of the Fancy was not to be beaten by trifling obstacles and the scene that followed beggars description. Post chaises were floored from the high ruts on the road, the springs of curicles and gigs were broken, the Rosinantes dead beat, the Eatoners puffing and blowing from top to toe, anxious to arrive in time, shoes were dragged off the feet by the strength of the clay, and many of the slight-footed coves stuck in the mud. The magistrate very politely saw the patrons of the science to the extremity of the county before he took his leave. At length Hayes-common appeared in sight, and the ring, after some little time, was again formed. At ten minutes after three o'clock Randall appeared and threw up his hat in the ring, attended by Paddington Jones and Whale, as his seconds; Parish shortly followed, and repeated the same token of defiance, followed by George Head and Spring. Several amateurs of rank were in the ring, and Col. Barton, the patron of Randall, sat down close to the stakes, anxiously waiting the result of the contest. On shaking hands, the men set-to.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The positions of the combatants were extremely elegant, both appeared in good condition, but if anything, Parish seemed the heaviest man. Neither of the men were eager to strike, and notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of Randall, considerable time elapsed on the lookout before the attack commenced. At length the Nonpareil got his distance, and planted a body-hit with much dexterity and got away. He was not long in giving his adversary another, when Parish returned but not effective. Considerable time again occurred in sparring, till a favorable opportunity offered for Randall, when he let fly at the Waterman's nob, which produced the claret in a twinkling, and he got away with the agility of a dancing-master. The Nonpareil also stopped in a masterly style the blows aimed at him, and closed his superiority by finishing the round in a winning manner, from the equal use of both his hands, the left being applied to the body of his adversary, and the right hand put in so tremendous a hit on the head of Parish, that he fell forward on his face as if he had been brought down with a gun. Great applause. Eight minutes and three-quarters had occurred, and 4 to 1 was offered with as much *sang froid* as if the blunt was of no value.

2. Randall, notwithstanding the decided advantage he had obtained, like a skillful general, seemed to think that discretion was the best part of valor, was equally as cautious as if no blows had passed between them, and again waited for a good opening. The attempts of Parish were frustrated, and Randall, with the most smiling confidense, again bodied his opponent. The already damaged mug of the Waterman was again peppered, and the crimson flowed copiously down his cheeks. In closing, the Nonpareil showed himself completely entitled to the above appellation. He got Parish's head under his arm, and fibbed him with all the celerity of the footman of a fine lady knocking at the door of a rout, till both went down.

3. The admirers of fine science were completely tired before any work was attempted, so much time had elapsed; and the downright partisans of the Old School of fighting, when milling was the order of the day, began to treat this sort of boxing rather contemptuously. In fact, Parish was so fatigued that he put down his hands. At length the combatants became more in earnest, and Randall finished the round most successfully. The latter planted a severe throttler, when Parish returned, but not heavily. Some blows were exchanged, and the Waterman very cleanly hit one of Randall's peepers that made him wink again; but the Nonpareil returned this favor with compound interest, and made the Waterman bite the dust. Uproarous applause. In this round Randall cut the knuckles of his left hand all across, against the Waterman's teeth, and the blood ran down in torrents. He also broke the bone of the third finger of the same hand against Parish's cheek-bone.

4. The head of Parish, from the profuse coloring it exhibited, showed the handy works of the lumper, but his confidence was not in the least abated. On setting to he was nobbed without ceremony, and he also received in the course of the round a body hit that sent him staggering away from his adversary. The returns of Parish were not effective; and in closing, Randall showed the amateurs the practical advantages of fibbing; for he here portrayed a feature peculiar to himself in this respect, when tired with one hand to change it, and then worked with the other, till Parish was thrown undermost. The gluttony of the Waterman was acknowledged by all present, and even good science was allowed him; but betting, nevertheless, was at a stand still, so certain did the event appear to be, that the Nonpareil would again be crowned with victory.

5. This was a sharp round and Parish appeared to more advantage than heretofore. The left hand of Randall was dreadfully lacerated, but although in that painful state it did not prevent him doing his usual execution. In closing, Parish met with a heavy fall, and was undermost.

6. The Waterman scarcely ever attempted to hit first; had he done so, in all probability a greater chance might have presented itself. In one or two instances he lost nothing by commencing the attack. In closing, a desperate struggle took place to obtain the throw, after fibbing had again been administered, when Randall got him down, and rolled over him.

7. It was evident that Randall was the strongest man—the best fighter—superior on his legs—knew how to shape himself for every situation he had to encounter; in short, he appeared a complete master of the art of war. Some hard milling occurred in this round, and Parish made some good hits; but he could not turn the scale. Randall put in a heller, and got away; the Waterman followed him in the most game manner, and never showed anything like flinching throughout the fight. Randall put in a desperate hit on the Waterman's neck, and laughed, and nodded at him, by way of approbation. In closing, both down. The friends of Randall were under some alarm from the great quantity of blood he had lost from his left hand, and a medical man of some eminence, viewing the fight, was rather apprehensive that it might produce fainting.

8. Randall was not to be got at, and he distinctly took the lead in this round; but Parish gave him a sort of half-arm hit in the mouth, that appeared to fill his mouth with blood. Both down.

9. On setting-to, Randall drew on one side to avoid the claret from his mouth; but this was the most effective round in the fight. It was truly singular to view Randall, hit, hit, and hit again, till the Waterman went down upon his back. A guinea to a shilling was laughed at.

10. In this round the Waterman appeared rather conspicuous. He got Randall into a corner, and put in a body blow, that made the Nonpareil wince again for the instant; in fact, he dropped a little on it, and had it been heavier it is likely he must have gone down. But the recovery of Randall was excellent; he got out of his perilous situation in the masterly style of a consummate tactician, and the marks of his bleeding hand were soon imprinted on the belly of his opponent. After some little traversing the ring, Randall was again in the corner, when it was curious to observe the mode he took to obtain his distance;—he leaned his body back quite through the ropes, and planted, by this means, a heavy hit on the Waterman's mouth, that soon gave him an opening, when he came laughing out. Some hits were exchanged, when Parish, with much dexterity, hit Randall under the ear, that marked him. The Nonpareil showed no quarter, and in closing, he threw the Waterman so desperately, that his shoulder was nearly dislocated. This was the most attractive round in the fight, and Parish received considerable applause.

11 and last. The Waterman was entitled to every consideration, from the manly manner in which he contested every round. Although he did not gain much by in-fighting, he should have tried it at an early part of the fight; he could not have been worse off. In out-fighting in this round, he was fairly beat to a stand-still; and although he endeavored to stop scientifically, his altered face was again punished. In closing he received the usual severity, and, in going down with his brave competitor, he was not able to meet him any more at the scratch. The shouts of victory were loud and lasting, and the Nonpareil was carried out of the ring as a token of triumph, and the reward of conquest. The battle lasted 53 minutes.

The capabilities of Randall, in the ring, are so well known that any comment is scarcely necessary to urge further proof of his excellence upon the above occasion. What the most skilful master of the sword portrays, Randall exhibits with the fist. His mode of fighting does not appear to originate from the common advantages of tuition; but it seems completely intuitive: study is out of the question, and it partakes more of the effects of Nature than resulting from the minutiæ of Art. Randall gains nothing from chance blows; and rarely ever makes a hit without its proving effective. If his blows are not stopped, his distances are so well measured, they are sure to reach their destination. It is asserted, he has never been seen to hit past the head of his adversary, and though considerable time is lost in the caution he observes before he strikes, it is amply repaid in his coming off victorious without punishment. However unpleasing it may be to state, the fact is, Parish had no opportunity of turning the battle in his favor; it was all on the side of Randall from the commencement to the end; but notwithstanding this remark, Parish must be allowed to have sustained the character of a bottom man, and a good fighter; and excepting the Nonpareil, in competition with any other boxer of his weight, he is likely to show himself to great advantage. Although his face received such tremendous punishment, his peepers were never closed, and he showed himself on the same evening at the White Hart, on the Bromley-road, quite chuffy, refusing to be put to bed. The absence of Mr. Jackson on these occasions is a severe loss to the combatants, particularly to the losing man, who, in this instance, had not one single farthing collected for him.

In concluding this sketch of Randall, it is scarcely necessary to remark, that he has risen rapidly to the elevated point he at present stands upon, and a still higher eminence, in all probability, awaits his abilities on the pugilistic roll of fame. From the short period he has moved in the scientific world, little more than 18 months, he may be termed the "Darling of Victory!"—success ever attending upon all his operations. Randall is the pride of the Irish amateurs, and the finger-post to all the "tight boys" of the sod, many of whom, in their warmth of admiration of his milling superiority, urge that he is capable of giving a stone weight to even boxers of talent; and throughout the Fancy in general, Jack Randall is viewed as a leading star.

He has derived essential service, it seems, from the patronage of Col. Barton, and under the auspices of this patron of gymnastic sports, he has been able to come into the ring in superior condition; and it is also due to Randall to remark that his conduct has been worthy of that patronage—circumspect in his mode of living—far from a quarrelsome disposition—and attentive to his training.

Among the numerous advantages he possesses toward prize milling, his confidence is not the least prominent. The following well-known fact is proof of the above remark. On the day that Scroggins and Turner fought their last battle at Shepperton, in consequence of the delay which occurred, and an opinion being entertained that Scroggins would not appear in the ring, Randall, in order to prevent any disappointment to the amateurs, who had come so great a distance from London, offered to fight Turner on the ground for £100 a side, although eight days had not elapsed since he had defeated Belasco. In a word, he is A NONPAREIL! [TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DONCASTER CUP, 1857.

In this superb work of art, which was contended for on the 18th September, the artist, Mr. H. H. Armstead, returns to "the cup" in its most classic form, but with finely-modelled figures prominent in the ornamentation. In other words, the Doncaster Cup of this year is a tazza, in silver, surmounted by a group, which, with the subjects of the medallions, illustrates the characteristic story of Meleager's Atlanta, from the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, of which the poet ventured to predict that his poem would survive him, and be read wherever the Roman name was known. Rarely has the rich mythology of Greece been so ably employed by the painter and sculptor as in the present instance. The poet's story is here exquisitely told in oxydised and burnished silver. In the group surmounting the tazza we have Meleager presenting the head of the boar to Atlanta:—

Grace of the woods. * * * Her head was bare
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was ty'd above.
Sweet negligence! unheeded bait of Love.
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart and one a bow supplied;
Such was her face as in a nymph display'd
A fair, fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
* * * * * *
Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent
With equal force, but various the event;
The first was fixed in earth—the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
* * * * * *
Quick and more quick he opes his giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
* * But he, the conquering chief, his foot impress'd
On the strong neck of that destructive beast,
And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
"Accept," cried he, "fair Nonacrine, my prize."
At this presents her with the tusky head,
And chine with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad she receiv'd the gift, and seem'd to take
With double pleasure for the giver's sake.

The bas reliefs composing the medallions around the tazza are in the Greek style of the Elgin Marbles from the frieze of the Parthenon, and are descriptive of the hunt of the wild boar, which, at the command of Diana, desolated the country with its ravages, as a punishment for the neglect of her worship; also of the offerings to the gods by Æneas, father of Meleager, omitting the worship of Diana:

"Unhonored tho' I am, at least said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be."

The figures decorating the foot represent the sisters of Meleager, who were changed into birds while bewailing the fate of their brother:

The weeping sisters, but with wings endued,
* * * and sent to flit in air,
Who yearly round his tomb in feathered flocks repair.

Vide Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

The frieze, group, medallions of Diana, and the figures at the foot of the tazza, are oxydised, relieved by bright silver chasing. In antique form and characteristic illustration Mr. Armstead is very successful in design and modelling, the spirit of which has been admirably preserved and wrought in metal by Mr. C. F. Hancock, of Bruton street. It is altogether a noble specimen of art manufacture.—*London Illustrated News.*

RACE FOR THE DONCASTER CUP.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1857.

The DONCASTER CUP, value 300 sovs.; three year olds, 7st; four, 8st 5lb; five, 8st 12; six and aged, 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb; the winner in any year of the Derby, St. Leger, the Ascot Cup, or the Goodwood Cup, to carry 7 lb extra; the second for any of those races, 3 lb extra; maiden four year olds not carrying extra weight for running second, allowed 5 lb; maiden five year olds and upwards, not carrying extra weight for running second, allowed 7 lb; cup course; about two miles and a half.

Lord Zetland's Vedette, 3 yrs, 7st	Challoner	1
Mr. Drinkald's Black Tommy, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb	Covey	2
Mr. A. Nichol's Warlock, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb	Flatman	3
Mr. Barber's Commotion, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb	Dales	4
Mr. Howard's Drumour, 3 yrs, 7st	Fordham	5
Lord Clifden's Melissa, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Bray	0

Betting—6 to 4 on Vedette, 7 to 2 agst Commotion, 7 to 1 agst Warlock, and 8 to 1 agst Black Tommy. Directly Mr. Hibburd had given the signal an excellent start was effected, without the slightest delay. Warlock, the representative of the Malton Stable, took up the running, with Drumour close to his quarters. Melissa third, and the other three handy. The latter-named mare speeded on into the second place before making the bend into the straight. On passing the Grand Stand she advanced still further ahead, and assumed the premiership. Black Tommy being second while opposite the Ring; Warlock having retired third, Vedette, following fourth. Drumour fifth, and Commotion last of all. While rounding the top turn near the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Melissa bolted to the right, and the field was thus reduced to five in number. Proceeding from the Intake Farm, Warlock once more regained his lead—Vedette and Drumour running abreast, and the other two upon similar terms. Not the slightest alteration was visible in their traverse to the hill, but at the plantation, Commotion rushed forward, on the outside, and took third place. Between the Red House and the final bend for home, Vedette shot to the fore, and came half way along the distance with a clear length's lead of everything else in the race. Just before reaching the Stand, Black Tommy made his effort, gave Warlock the go-by, and challenged Lord Zetland's horse. A most splendid struggle ensued between the pair, but Black Tommy was not enabled barely to get beyond Vedette's girths, and was by the latter beaten cleverly by a neck. Warlock finished third, but four lengths from the second. Commotion was a bad fourth, and Drumour last. Run in 5 mins.

DISTURBANCES ABOUT BLINK BONNY.

CHARLTON, THE JOCKEY, PROTECTED BY SAYERS, THE PUGILIST.

DURING the Doncaster races, Blink Bonny was the favorite for the St. Leger, but when the event came off, she was defeated by Imperieuse. On the following Friday, in a race for the Park Hill Stakes, Blink Bonny, going the distance, same as the St. Leger, in less time than the winner of the St. Leger took to run it in. This feat created suspicion, and the following report of the proceedings which followed, we find in the London *Era* of the 20th:

Three weighed out for the Park Hill Stakes; and 4 to 1 was freely invested on the defeated Leger favorite, Blink Bonny, her other two opponents being Moestissima and Orianda. The crack, who carried 8st 12lb (inc. 5lb extra), lay off until the bend for home, there quitted her horses, and won in a mere hand canter by half a dozen lengths. When it was ascertained that the mare had covered the same space of ground as she did in the Leger race, with extra weight too, in *two seconds less time* than the great race of Wednesday was run in, suspicion was aroused, and when Charlton returned into the ring, to proceed to the weighing-room, he was surrounded, hooted, and threatened in a most dangerous manner. A scene of almost indescribable and painful excitement then ensued. The jockey dismounted, and was hardly on the ground, saddle in hand, when amidst deafening groans and shouts, some one attempted to strike him. Fortunately Sayers, who is engaged to fight for the Championship was at hand, and instantly warded off the blow and administered punishment to the offender. Baron Rothschild, too, acted in all nobleness of heart and nature, considering the circumstances which have passed between that gentleman and Charlton. He put his arms round the jockey and escorted him to the weighing-room door, saying "Never mind, my boy, I'll protect you." A more generous or spontaneous act of feeling never could be witnessed. Charlton had hardly got safely ensconced in the above room, when a cry arose that the trainer I'Anson was in danger, and Sayers rushed off to render him every possible assistance. By dint of arduous labor, the trainer was brought through the crowd to the weighing-room, the mob rushing after him in hundreds. The police congregated as thickly as they could, and Mr. James Ward, of Whitechapel; Mr. Richard Cain, of Leicester; and Jerry Noon, all got ready, and turned to prevent the mob from proceeding to further extremities. It is a great wonder, indeed, that nothing serious occurred beyond I'Anson and Charlton being so roughly and improperly treated by the offenders. The next object of spite they endeavored to wreak their vengeance upon was the mare Blink Bonny—the unfortunate cause of all this trouble. Scores rushed out of the Ring after her to the field at the back of the Stand, and speedily a mob of two thousand people were congregated. Goddard, formerly of the Bow street division, instantly got assistance, and surrounded the mare. After an interval of a quarter of an hour, matters were so managed, by taking the mare half-a-mile nearer the town, and keeping off the assailants, that no harm befel her. The argument of the assailants, who acted so unjustifiably, was that the mare, trainer, and jockey sold the Leger; while, on the other hand, it was averred that, although she had now run it two seconds under the Leger time, yet that the ground was in so much better condition that it must naturally make a great difference in that respect. This argument is somewhat feasible, but whether the multitude will believe that it goes far enough is a totally different matter. As to the affray, it savored of wretched ruffianism and brutality, and nothing can justify such proceedings, whatever may be a man's belief as to any particular event. Mr. Etches, the superintendent of police, and Mr. Forrester, of London, got a detachment of police turned into the Ring, and they kept guard all round the weighing-room, or doubtless the mob would have dragged forth both trainer and rider, and then there would be no calculating the end of such mad attempts at violence. Fortunately, it was not so. The whole affair forcibly recalled the Acrobat affair to our recollection, when John Scott had to be protected by Harry Broome, two years back. Charlton had been engaged to ride Conductor in the Nursery Plate (the next race), and weighed for that animal. No sooner had he mounted, however, than he was again assailed with yells and hisses of a most fearful description; and one stentorian voice we heard, high and loud above the rest, shouting out, "Now we've got him, let's kill him." Rush and counter-rush, between friend and foe, surrounded the poor jockey, and here again his good star happily prevailed, and by dint of great exertion the malevolence of the crowd was doomed to fall harmless. He returned to the weighing-room again. A reward was instantly offered for the man who attempted to strike the rider, and Sayers distinctly said he should know him again if he saw him. Had it not been for the timely assistance rendered to both parties, backed up as it was by the police, and several leading members of the Ring, it is impossible to fortel what would have been the result, for a more infuriated mob could not be assembled even in St. Giles's. Conductor, whose owner had tried him so highly that he had backed him to win £100, was much chagrined at the mob not allowing Charlton to ride, and the horse never started, as that jockey's services could not be availed of. The owner appealed to the Stewards about his bets, and they decided that he was to refuse payment; but we are sure no respectable man would attempt to ask him to do so under the circumstances. I'Anson offered to the Stewards to start Blink Bonny for the Cup, and that they might put on any jockey they liked, but the Stewards wisely deemed it unsafe to run the risk, and the mare was immediately scratched for it. When the mob had dispersed both I'Anson and Charlton were escorted to the town. The number of people in the Ring was very great.